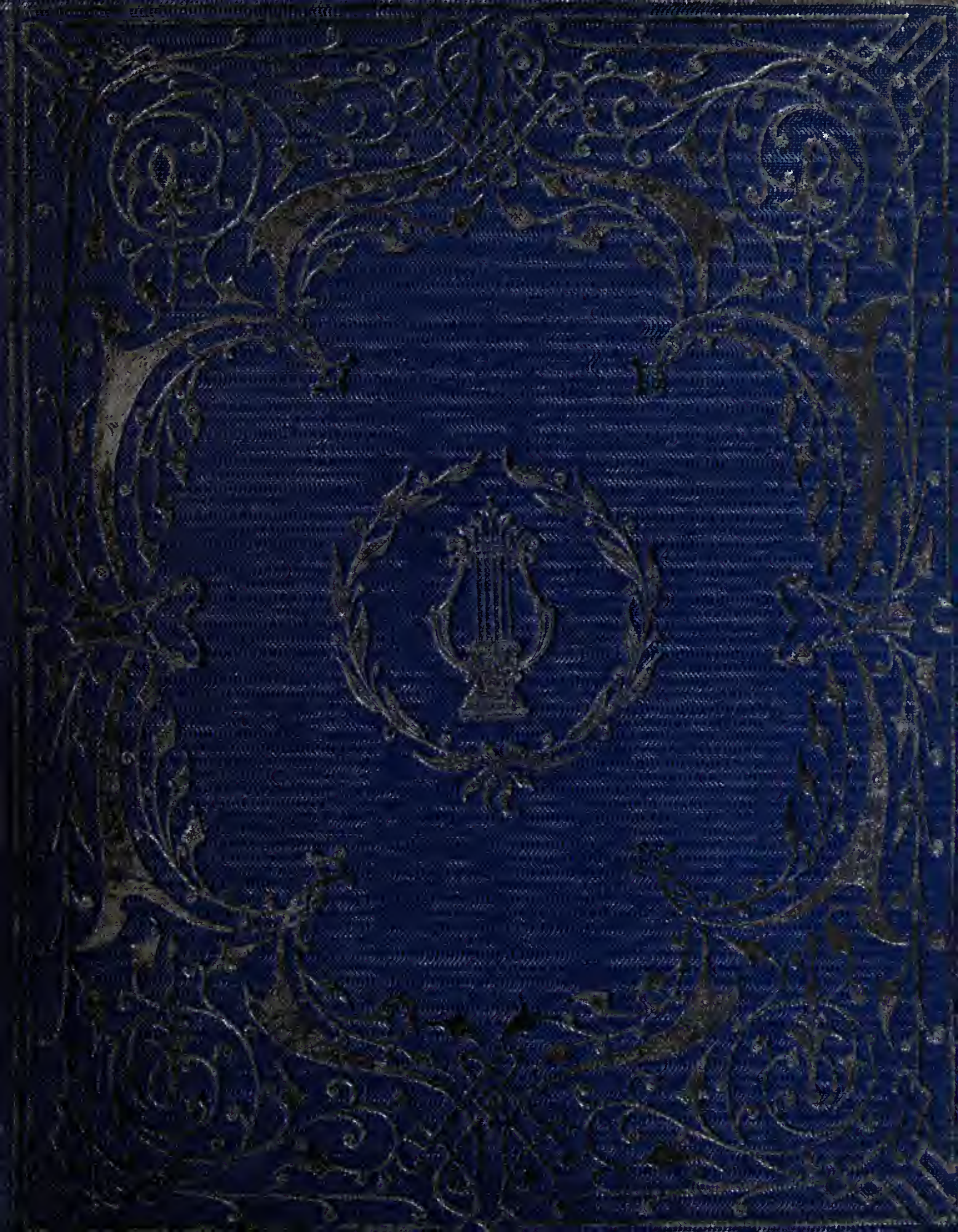

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James H. Houghton.

THE

BIRTHDAY GIFT.

By Peter Parley.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS volume is a selection from the best-written parts of "PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL," under which title it was originally issued. But having been considered, in its first form, as too thick and cumbersome by some, the Publisher has selected the most pleasing extracts, which are now here introduced to their notice under the more general title of "THE BIRTHDAY GIFT."

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THE

BIRTHDAY GIFT.

A Star of Chivalry.

SIR WALTER DE MANNY was the son of a knight of Hainault, but though not an Englishman by birth, yet, as he made this country the land of his adoption from a very early age, and as "his laurels were gained in her service," we are fully authorised to claim him as our own.

Walter de Manny became first acquainted with Edward III. while that prince was abroad during the reign of his hapless father; and so close a friendship sprung up between them, that De Manny would

have accompanied the prince on his return to England but for the opposition of his sovereign, the Earl of Hainault, who, since his father's death, had taken him under his own immediate guardianship, and who thought him then too young for the expedition. But, on the marriage of Edward with Philippa, daughter of his guardian, Walter de Manny proceeded to England as page of honour to the bride.

His first feat of arms was before Berwick; but at the battle of Halidon Hill he distinguished himself so gallantly, that all declared him worthy of knighthood, which the king conferred on the field.

While Edward was "burning in Cambray," as he himself relates, Sir Walter proceeded to redeem a promise given to certain fair dames in England, that he would be the first to enter France and take some castle or stronghold therein. Having collected fifty lances, he proposed surprising the town of Montaigne. His proposal was received with acclamation: but the garrison had been forewarned, and would have quickly overpowered the strangers, had they not succeeded in making good their retreat.

Resolving not to return baffled to the English camp, Sir Walter persuaded his companions to diverge by Condé and Valenciennes in search of adventures, and the result justified his boldness. The governor of Bouchain, mistaking his little band for the advanced guard of a large army, threw open his gates at their approach; and the Castle of St. Eveque, at no great distance from Cambray, was taken by a *coup-de-main*.

We next find this "Star of Chivalry," engaged in the relief of Hennebon, then gallantly held by Montford's spirited Countess, against Charles of Blois. At the head of a small but select body of men, Sir Walter threw himself into the town at the very moment

when it was about to surrender. His arrival changed the whole affair; the negociations were broken off, and the troops of Charles renewed the attack with fury. A catapult of more than ordinary dimensions had greatly annoyed the townspeople by throwing enormous masses of stone among them. Sir Walter was at dinner with the countess when one of these projectiles came crushing through the roof of an adjoining house, to the great alarm of the ladies: but Sir Walter instantly vowed to destroy the machine, and, rising from table with the other knights, sallied from a postern, overturned the catapult, hewed it to pieces, burnt the sow (as a certain part of this then formidable machine was called), and threw the whole camp of the enemy into confusion. They were pressed hard at their return, but the knights stood their ground until their archers and attendants had passed the ditch in safety. They then crossed the drawbridge themselves, and were received with acclamations by the townsmen, while the countess "came down from the castle to meet them, and with a most cheerful countenance kissed Sir Walter and all his companions, one after the other, like a noble and valiant dame."

Some time after this, hearing that his friends Sir John Botelor and Sir Matthew Trelawney, then prisoners to the enemy, were about to be sacrificed to Prince Louis' thirst for revenge, the brave De Manny called his knights around him, and proposed attempting their rescue. The only possible plan for this was a very daring one, but the genius of De Manny, with the valour of his comrades, secured them success. The prisoners were saved at the very moment when they were expecting death; and Charles, perceiving that he should gain little with such opponents, soon after retired from before Hennebon, which he was then investing.

In the campaign of Gascony, one of our most splendid victories was due to the courage and sagacity of De Manny. The Earl of Derby had marched to the relief of Auteroche, then closely invested by the Count de Lisle; Lord Pembroke, who commanded at Bergerac, was to join them on the march, but before he came up they found themselves in the presence of De Lisle and an army of 10,000 men, their own force consisting of 300 men-at-arms, and 600 archers only. In this emergency De Manny's counsel was prompt, but wise.

"Gentlemen," said he, addressing a council of war, "it were a shame to us were our friends to perish, and we so nigh them; let us mount our horses, skirt this wood, and advance upon the enemy; we will come upon them unexpectedly, just as they are sitting down to supper, and with St. George to aid us, they shall be discomfited." The proposal was assented to and executed successfully. The French were were beaten down before they knew whence their assailants came, and De Lisle himself was taken prisoner.

But it is not only as a great warrior and accomplished statesman that Sir Walter claims our admiration: his humanity was at all times as conspicuous as his ability. During the prevalence of the plague which devastated England in this reign, and while London was threatened by that dreadful visitant, Sir Walter devoted his whole attention, and a large part of his means, to the mitigation of the sufferings and terrors of the people. "It pleased God," says Henrie, "in this dismal time, to stir up the heart of that noble knight, Sir Walter de Manny, to have respect to the danger that might fall in the time of this pestilence, if the churches and churchyards in London might not suffice to bury the multitude: wherefore he purchased a piece of ground near St. John's Cross, called Spittlecroft, of the

master and brethren of St. Bartholomew Spittle, containing thirteen acres and a rood, and caused the same to be enclosed and consecrated at his own proper cost and charges, by Ralph Stratford, Bishop of London." In this place, Stow reports, that upwards of 50,000 persons were interred the year following, "as is affirmed by the king's charter, and by an inscription which I read on a cross some time standing in the Charter-house yard."

Sir Walter closed his military career with great splendour by an inroad from Calais into the heart of France. After this he retired to his house in London, where he passed the rest of his life in preparing for its end. He died in 1372, and was buried with much pomp in the cloisters of a Carthusian convent founded by himself, the king, with a long train of nobles, attending his funeral. He left one child only, a daughter, called Anne, who, marrying the Earl of Pembroke, transferred all the possessions of her family, whether in England or Hainault, to that noble house.

James the First.

THIS prince was the great grandson of Margaret, eldest sister of Henry VIII; he ascended the throne without any competitor, and was heartily welcomed by his subjects, whom, however, he soon disgusted by an unsparing distribution of titles, honours, and, estates, among his Scottish adherents.

The foreign policy of Elizabeth was so far pursued by James, that he took part with Henry IV., of France, for the support of the Protestant interest against Spain. But while he retained some few of the late queen's ministers, he dismissed others with manifest tokens of displeasure; among the rest Sir Walter Raleigh, whom he soon afterwards brought to trial on a charge of conspiring, with the Lords Cobham, Grey, and others, to deprive him of his crown, and to confer it on the Lady Arabella Stuart, who was also descended from Margaret Tudor, and who stood in the same degree of relationship to that princess as himself.

The accused in this matter were condemned on slight evidence; three persons were executed, Grey and Cobham were reprieved, after having laid their heads on the block, and Sir Walter was imprisoned in the Tower for many years. Soon after this a conference was held at Hampton Court for the settlement of religious differences, and from this arose the great benefit of our present translation of the Bible—a work proceeded with in a manner so admirably calculated to produce the most accurate results, that I regret my limits do not permit me to describe it for you.

King James made many efforts to extend the prerogatives of the crown beyond what an English parliament thought proper to grant; but the dissensions on these points were interrupted by the discovery of that frightful conspiracy called the Gunpowder Plot. This was a plan on the part of the Catholics to destroy the king, the royal family, and both houses of parliament, by a mine beneath the House of Lords, which was to be exploded at the moment when all were therein assembled to hear the king's speech from the throne.

The 5th of November was the day fixed on for the completion of this fearful catastrophe, and a conspirator named Guy Fawkes engaged to fire the train, but the whole was happily discovered in time to prevent the completion of the crime, and its principal contrivers were punished with death.

The king now attempted to unite the two kingdoms, as well as crowns, of England and Scotland, but met with so effective an opposition, that he resolved to summon no more parliaments: and this making it very difficult for his ministers to procure the supplies required by the state, James created new dignities—more especially that of baronet—which were to be paid for by large sums of money.

Loans and benevolences were forced from the people; monopolies were granted to companies and individuals, who gave great sums for their charters, and other despotic means of raising money were resorted to, all of which laid the foundation for those discontents which exploded so fatally in the succeeding reign.

The year 1612 was marked by the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James, who expired in the nineteenth year of his age, to the great grief of the nation, to whom his many excellent qualities gave the fairest hopes. In the next year Elizabeth, daughter of the king, was married to Frederic, Elector Palatine, a prince whom James afterwards disgracefully abandoned in his utmost distress. From this marriage it is that the royal house now on the throne has descended.

In the year 1618 the great Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded in the Tower, after an imprisonment, during which he had written a "History of the World," and other valuable works. He had been permitted to sail to South America, in the hope of discovering a rich gold mine, which greatly tempted the cupidity of James; but being unsuccessful, the disgraceful pretence of his former treason, in the matter of Arabella Stuart, was made an excuse for his destruction, and he suffered in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

In 1621 James was compelled to call a parliament, and it was now that the king, having declared that the Commons owed their privileges to the grace and indulgence of his ancestors and himself, was met by the memorable protest that these were the "undoubted birthright of the English subject." This session was also rendered remarkable by the impeachment of a great man, whose name, if not known to you now, will be so hereafter—I mean Sir Francis Bacon—who, I

am sorry to tell you, was convicted of having received a bribe in his office of Lord Chancellor, and was driven to comparative obscurity; but his retirement was occupied by the composition of works so noble and excellent, that you will one day read them with respect and gratitude.

James I. was a man of some acquirement in learning, but of narrow intellect and coarse feelings. He performed few kingly actions, but laid the foundation of much evil, and his memory is little respected. He married Anne, daughter of Frederic, King of Denmark, and left two children, his successor Charles, and Elizabeth already mentioned. He died on the 27th of March, 1625, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and twenty-second of his reign.

The Banqueting House at Whitehall was built in this reign; and "one Edward Allen, a stage player," said the Chronicler, "founded a fair hospital at Dulwich"—the same now known as Dulwich College.

The Princely Brothers.

A CERTAIN king, who reigned over several of the British provinces, died, and left five sons, the eldest of whom, Gorbonian, was a most excellent prince; so remarkable was his justice, that his decision was a law, from which his subjects never appealed. He was, also, "a great builder," particularly of temples, which he erected to the honour of his gods; for these five brothers lived before the blessing of Christianity had extended to Britain. Gorbonian was, according to his knowledge, a devout prince, who worshipped with humility, giving to all their due; —to men of desert, honour and preferment; to the industrious, encouragement in their labours, and defence and protection from injuries and oppressions to all who needed; so that the land flourished greatly. Violence and wrong were seldom heard of during his reign, and, when committed, were always punished. Unhappily, it was but a short one; death took him from his people in the flower of his

days, and he was buried with much rude pomp, and many bitter lamentations, in "Trinovant."

But mark what followed; Archigallo, the second brother, was altogether the opposite of Gorbonian; he was a prince of haughty and imperious carriage, of considerable acquirements; but ascending the throne immediately after the good king, with whom his subjects did not fail to compare him, he became anything but popular. He depressed the ancient nobility of the kingdom, laid claim to property not his own, for the purpose of enriching his treasury; and, dazzled by the magnificence of his position, and flattered by unworthy persons, who sought their own advantage and not his glory, or the prosperity of his kingdom, he forgot to be either just or merciful. His subjects bore this grievous affliction for some time with patience, saying to each other, "Is not this Archigallo the brother of Gorbonian the Just? Surely he will profit by the wisdom of his brother; he will yet turn, and be a blessing to his people?"

But the austerity and rapacity of the king increased; and then the people murmured; at first, secretly, but their whisperings were carried from the caves and silent places of the earth by the four winds of heaven; and discontent spread itself over the land, and clothed itself gradually with energy and power. And the King Archigallo was removed from the throne of his fathers, from that throne whereon his brother had sat, crowned with the blessings of his subjects. And some said, "We will not take another of this family to rule over us, for goodness is not an inheritance; who could have believed that the kings Gorbonian and Archigallo studied the same laws, and were nursed by the same mother? What security have we, that the others may not be like unto Archigallo?"

And an old man, whose white hairs were tokens of his wisdom, answered, "Men's hearts are under the dominion of the gods; there was, doubtless, a good reason for what has come to pass, though we cannot yet understand it. But I say, take another brother to be king; and why?—Has he not had the example both of the good king and the bad king, the just and the unjust; and shall he not profit thereby? Has he not seen the uprising and the downfalling, and the cause of both? Let us, I say, place Elidure, the third brother, upon the throne of his fathers, and implore the gods to guide him, even in the path that was trod by the just Gorbonian."

And the people listened to the words of the old grey-headed councillor; and Elidure sat on the throne of his deposed brother.

Now, Elidure was not uplifted in mind by this sudden accession of rank; on the contrary, though he felt himself a prince, he also knew

that he was mortal. He regarded his brother Archigallo with all a brother's love. He called to mind innumerable instances of his virtue and generosity when they were boys together, and he said within himself, "If one of so excellent an understanding as my brother was bewildered by his dignity, how shall I sustain it?—I, who never was to be compared to him in beauty of mind or person?" But in this Elidure did himself the injustice which modest merit often does to itself, for his mind was pure and elevated, and his presence comely and gracious.

The young nobles at first thought that their new king lacked dignity and spirit, because he did not love display and talk continually of war; but the old men said their king was not only wise as regarded this world, but obtaining the wisdom of another; for he honoured the gods above all earthly honour, and prayed to them to instruct him in the art of governing with mercy and discretion. This reverence obtained for him the surname of the "Pious."

The kingdom again enjoyed the peace and prosperity it possessed during the reign of Gorbonian, and the only matter that pressed heavily upon the mind of Elidure was the fate of his deposed brother.

He had now swayed the sceptre of the kingdom for a period of five years, and never was king more beloved by a grateful and happy people.

It so chanced that, hunting one day in the forest of Calater, and having, in the eagerness of the chase, outstripped his followers, he came upon a worn-out man, travel-soiled and forlorn, in whom, with the quickness of natural affection—affection which neither courtliness, nor absence, nor evil report had diminished—he recognised his brother Archigallo.

In an instant he sprang from his horse, embraced him with many tears, and much joy; learned that he had been, as, indeed, he already knew, spending his time beyond seas, seeking foreign aid to regain his crown; but, finding none, he had returned, like a stricken deer to its old pastures, to seek a precarious subsistence amongst his secret friends, with only ten followers!

It seemed as if at this sudden meeting the princely brothers could see into each other's heart; they entertained no suspicion the one of the other, although their several positions might have engendered it.

Elidure, summoning a few attendants on whom he could rely (the *really* good seldom want friends), disguised Archigallo in such a manner as to convey him, without risk of discovery, to his own bedchamber. There, with many dear and sincere welcomings, he concealed him, while maturing a plan—a plan, for what purpose? to fix the crown more firmly upon his own brow? Oh, no; there was no selfishness in his nature; none of that mean ambition whose object is self-aggrandisement. He had never designed to reign over the kingdom; he considered himself as holding it in trust for another; for he had long believed that, when his brother had been taught by the wisdom learned of adversity to see the error of his ways, he would become a just and useful ruler. He thought more highly of his abilities than of his own; and, after much converse with Archigallo, he perceived that his heart was indeed changed, and that he would, if again seated on the throne, follow the dictates both of justice and mercy.

Elidure believed all this, but he knew it would be almost impossible to induce others to believe it. The people loved him, and he

valued their affections; he knew they would not part with him on what they would consider the chance of a bad king to supply his place; and he thought of an expedient to restore the crown to his beloved brother, which certainly proved him capable of the most exalted disinterestedness.

Feigning himself sick, even at the point of death, he summoned all his peers, as about great state affairs, and admitted them only one by one into his presence, as if his weakness endured not the disturbance of more at once: there, in the sadness, the darkness, the sorrow, of what they believed to be the dying chamber of their beloved sovereign, he managed to prevail, or command them once more to swear allegiance to his brother Archigallo. Having accomplished thus much of his purpose, his supposed illness disappeared; he confessed the reason why he had so beguiled them, presented Archigallo to them with a changed heart and an improved character, and ended this singular scene by reconciling the re-elected sovereign to his people, leading him to York, and despoiling his own head of the crown, to place it on the head of his brother!

It is impossible to imagine a more noble sacrifice than this; but I never read the story without a regret that so loyal and generous a spirit should have stooped to an artifice to accomplish its design. I cannot believe but he might have managed differently, and I wish he had; for there is something so beautiful in truth, that I would never have it sullied by a sacrifice to expediency.

I must, however, quit my moralising, and return to Archigallo, who thenceforth, "vice itself dissolving in him, and forgetting her firmest hold with admiration of a deed so heroic," was really a converted man, and ruled worthily ten years, during which time Elidure

and he seemed as though they had but one heart and one mind. At the expiration of ten years he died, and was buried.

Thus was a brother saved by a brother, to whom love of a crown, the thing that so often dazzles and vitiates mortal man—for which thousands of nearest blood have so often destroyed each other—was, in respect of brotherly dearness, a contemptible thing. This true nobility is worthy recording, and I almost wish that the story ended here. But who can tell where the events of a single simple life may terminate, much less a royal one? for, the greater the height, the greater the danger, as you shall presently perceive.

Elidure now in his own behalf re-assumed the government, and did as was worthy such a man to do. But it must be remembered there were *five* brothers, and only the acts of *three* have been recorded. Now it came to pass, that Vigenius and Peredure, the two younger brothers, unmoved by the noble example of their elders, incited the discontented to a rebellion against the excellent Elidure —that admirable brother who had deserved so nobly, as least of all by a brother to be injured.

Yet him they war against—him they defeat—him they imprison in a strong tower. Having so done, and brought the people into subjection, they divided their brother's kingdom between them, the north to Peredure, the south to Vigenius; after whose death, Peredure united the divided sceptre, and reigned, it would appear, prosperously and peacefully until his death.

During the reigns of his younger brothers, Elidure was, as I have said, imprisoned; but neither the prosperity of his early life—the praise that followed his great self-sacrifice, nor the adversity, embittered by the cruel knowledge that his brothers had barbed the

arrow aimed at his destruction, could damp the fervour of his piety, or darken his noble spirit. He saw the wisdom of what he called "*fate*" in all things; he gave thanks for the evil poured upon his devoted head, as well as the good, and extracted blessings out of both. This was true wisdom; and when called upon again to ascend the throne for the third time, he enjoyed it long in peace; finishing the interrupted course of his mild and just reign, as full of virtuous deeds as days, even to the time when he was gathered to his fathers.*

* From "Stories and Studies from the Chronicles and History of England," by Mrs. S. C. Hall and Mrs. J. Foster.

The Golden Eagle.

MUST I come to you? Must the proud Golden Eagle come down from his high cliff to be questioned by a child? You have been looking at me, I know, great part of the day. I have seen your curious eye vainly trying to spy out my doings: but the sun blinded you, and the distance was too much for you; and though I have had you before me the whole time, you can scarcely say you have seen me yet.

Yes, I *will* come down, for what harm can you do me, poor little child? and why should you not learn what you desire?

There! am not I indeed a noble creature! How I ride in the high air, glorying in my might! I am not thinking of catching my prey now; but if you wish to see me in my terrible hour, when I have marked some poor animal for my own, you shall. Do you see yonder hare, gliding from one covert to another? I shall have him, only I must first mount higher. There—now down, down! a mo-

ment! I have him; one stroke of my powerful talons has been enough, and here I am bearing off the prey to my young eagles. I will soon come back and tell you more. * * *

I cannot invite you to my nest, it is much too high for you to climb to; and, could you reach it, the footing is slippery, and the river runs dark and deep beneath. Sharp points of rock jut out on every side, to keep off intruders. To you my nest would seem a forlorn and cheerless house; to me it is a happy home. It is a mere platform on yonder rock. Large sticks, disposed in rows, plank our floor, and turf and rushes are our carpet.

What are you gazing at above my head? At my mate, I suppose, for I hear the sound of her wings in the air; but I cannot now see her, because she is above me; this eyebrow, this penthouse over my eye, that has been given me, prevents it. I can look *down* as far as you please, but not upwards. But for this shade, I should find the sun very trying; but it also prevents my seeing my prey, except when it is below me.

I know you wish to hear more. There is something in your eye which seems to say, "I want to read in nature's great book. I am not come here to capture or destroy; I am come with a heart loving God's glorious works, and longing to know them more and better every day. Tell me, for you can, great bird, what is your history, that I may sometimes think of the solemn eagle on his high cliff, and contrast him with the playful little tit at my own door."

I *will* tell you. I was born in a nest far from this wild mountain; but the nest itself was very like this, only the sea was near us there, and on a winter's night the sound of the roaring waters made the place more grand.

My father and mother were a noble pair. I have seen other eagles since, but never a bird, I think, so large as my mother; from the tip of one wing to the tip of another, she measured ten feet. My father was smaller, but remarkable for the size and strength of his feet and claws.

I cannot tell you how long my parents had lived in their nest before I was born; perhaps fifty or sixty years. I know that many of their children were sent out into the world to find homes where they could, and that *that* was the reason why my mate and I were forced to come so far, before we could meet with a quiet mountain all to ourselves.

There were three eggs in the nest at the time my mate and I were hatched; but one of them, I believe, rolled out of the nest, and only we two came perfect out of our shells. At first, our bodies were covered with a yellowish down; after that, feathers began to grow; but it was three or four years before our plumage resembled, in colour and strength, that of our parents. *Now*, I may say, I am the very image of my mother; the same rich browns, with their coppery shine upon them, the same free, powerful command of every part. Ah! believe me, boy, you have done right to come *here* to see me.

My mate and I were nursed in our parent's nest for a whole summer, during all which time nothing could exceed the kindness of my father and mother. At first, my mother kept wholly within, and my father went abroad for food for her and us; but as we grew bigger and stronger, he enticed my mother abroad; for he did not like his lonely flights, and wished her to be his companion whenever she could. Sometimes he stayed at home, and she went alone, as I just now left my mate to come and talk with you.

We young ones did not mind being left; nothing could harm us in our nest, and we never dreamt of any ill happening to our parents; but it was a pleasant moment when we heard the rush of their wings at a distance, and the gentle sweep of the air before they landed. What a broad shadow they cast betwixt us and the sun.

My mother had some fears lest, in her absence, we should ever venture too near the edge of the nest, and fall down the precipice. We were much too cowardly for that. We were well fed; poultry, game, rabbits, and young lambs were brought in abundance to us, and sometimes our larder was even too full of good things.

So time passed; and summer went away, and autumn brought shorter days and a chilly blast, which our parents well knew how to interpret.

They cast altered looks upon us, and we heard them whispering together, and agreeing that it was high time to drive us out of the nest, lest winter should come suddenly upon them, and they should be obliged to provide for us, as well as themselves, in that time of scarcity.

A day or two after this, we found the matter was settled, and that we were no longer to lie still in our quiet nest, but to be pushed out into the wide world.

I know all that passed up to the moment when I was going to be pushed from the rock, to which I clung. After that, terror took away all my faculties, and I can only tell you that, in a few moments I found myself, to my surprise, resting on my mother's back in the air. Though she had forced me out, she had not deserted me. Swift as lightning she darted under me, and now bore me upon her wings. What a joy it was to find her near! And how ashamed I

felt at the thought that a doubt of her love and care had ever come over me.

My courage revived as I felt the fresh air, and saw my mother sailing nobly along. Then again she slipped from under me; and this time I stretched my own wings, and found them far more powerful than I had expected.

Ere the day was over, my young mate and I had felt all the enjoyment of our powers, and caught much of our parents' spirit. Our eye, indeed, wanted practice; we could not at once see our prey so clearly, or manage to strike them with the correctness of our parents; but this our father and mother knew would come in time, and they were quite easy about us. They soared back to their nest, and left *us* to choose our dwelling as we pleased.

It was not long before we came here. On our way we touched at many spots; but they were all occupied. Every cliff had its pair of eagles already, and none were willing to move for the sake of making way for a young couple like us; so we saw we must come on farther from our first home.

Here, then, we came; and we have reared many a brood, and lived for very many summers. How many would you suppose? More than you will live, probably. A hundred, at least; and even now, you find, I am not dull of sight, nor heavy of wing.

Perhaps you may think life must be very dull, thus spent in one spot, and with one single companion. I have heard such a remark from gay birds of passage, who change their homes and their mates every season; but we move on day and night in the old spot, and step into our nests well content with our fate.

I have one anxiety, certainly, in my heart—but one—and my

mate, poor fellow! has the same. We have lived so long together, that we think our time must be drawing near to a close; and we should not mind this, if we were quite sure of dying together. But if one goes first, we do not know how to bear the thought of the lonely thing that will be left behind.

Sometimes, when we are in melancholy mood, we talk it all over, and fancy one or other of us pining away in the nest after the other is gone. But we think it cannot last long; but that as we were hatched in the same day, so very likely we may depart.

Therefore, my good, simple-hearted child, if, when you are grown up to be a man, you should come this way, and look up at the eagle-rock, do not be sorry if you see no traces at all of us; but tell everybody that we were a happy, faithful, affectionate pair of birds; that we loved each other always—yes, always—and never had a quarrel; and when you see fathers and mothers cross and unkind to one another, send them to this valley, and bid them look up to our nest and be ashamed.

The Two Friends.

EDWARD and William were friends from boyhood; their ages were nearly the same, and their stations in life similar. Edward was an orphan, brought up by his grandfather, the proprietor of a small farm. The father of William was a small farmer also, a respectable, worthy man, whose only ambition—and such an ambition was laudable—was to leave to his son the heritage of a good name.

Both boys were destined by their natural guardians to fill that station in society to which they were born; but it happened, as sometimes it will happen in such cases, that the boys, though trained up in hard-working and pains-taking families, where the labour of the hand was more thought of than the labour of the head, were, nevertheless, very bookishly inclined; and as they were both of them *only* children, their fancies were generally indulged, and no one took offence that their pence and sixpences were hoarded up for the pur-

chase of books, instead of being spent in gingerbread and marbles. And partly to gratify their own tastes for learning, and partly to fall in with the wishes of the village schoolmaster, who took no little pride and pleasure in his docile and book-loving pupils, they attended the grammar-school long after their village contemporaries were following the plough. At fifteen they appeared less likely than ever voluntarily to lay down Homer and Virgil, and our English divines and poets, for any pleasure it was probable they would ever find in growing turnips or selling fat cattle.

Perhaps this taste for letters might be also stimulated by the grammar-school having in its gift, every five years, a scholarship in one of the universities; and which was awarded to the youthful writer of the best Greek and Latin theme. The term was about expiring; and one of the two friends was sure of the nomination, there being no other candidate.

It was now Christmas, and the decision took place in March. The themes were in progress, and every thought of both youths seemed to turn itself into good Greek and Latin. Just at this time the father of William suddenly died; and what made the trial doubly afflicting was, that his circumstances had become embarrassed, and the farm must, of necessity, be sold to pay his debts. This was a great sorrow; but young as William was, his mind was strengthened by knowledge. He turned his philosophy to the best account; he faced his adverse circumstances with manly courage; and, with a clear head and an upright heart, assisted in straightening his father's deranged affairs, and in providing that every one's just claim should be satisfied. Yet it was with a heavy heart that he left the comfortable home of former independence, and retired with his drooping

mother to a small dwelling, with the remnant of their fortune, which was barely sufficient to support her above want.

When William saw his mother's melancholy prospects, he, for a moment, almost lamented that he could not turn his hand to labour; and at times the gloomy thought crossed his mind, that, perhaps, had he been a humble ploughman, he might have saved his father from ruin. But youth is strong, and so is intellect; and the force of a well-stored and active mind buoyed him up; and he felt *that* within him which would not let him despair, nor even murmur; and he knew, besides, that, were the scholarship but once won, the way would then be opened to honourable advancement and competency. Vehemently, then, did he bestir himself; and what before was interesting he now pursued with ardour, and what before he had done well, he now did better; for the intellect, like a rich mine, abundantly repays its workers.

Sometimes the idea, almost in the form of a wish, crossed his mind, that Edward, knowing his altered circumstances, might relinquish the field, and thus secure to him what had become so doubly desirable.

It was now the end of January, and, during a hard frost, the two friends met every evening to recreate themselves in skating, an exercise in which both excelled. But William seemed at this time the sport of misfortune, for, as he was performing, almost for the twentieth time, a *chef-d'-œuvre* in the exercise, his foot caught a pebble in the ice—he was flung forward to an immense distance with terrible velocity, and in his fall broke his leg. Edward, unconscious of the extent of the injury, with the assistance of a cottager, conveyed him home, insensible. The poor widow's cup of sorrow seemed now full

to the brim; and William vainly endeavoured, amid the agony of suffering, to console her. Edward was like a ministering angel; he spoke words of comfortable assurance, and supported his friend in his arms while he underwent the painful operation of the bone being reset.

In a short time the doctor pronounced William out of danger; but he was unable to use the least exertion; even exercise of the mind was forbidden, and days and weeks were now hurrying February into March.

"Alas!" said he, one day, to his friend, "there is no hope of the scholarship for me; but why should I regret it, when it only secures it to you? And yet, for my poor mother's sake, I cannot resign it even to you, without sorrow; and, dear Edward," he added, his whole countenance kindling up at the idea, "I would have striven against you like a Dacian gladiator, had it not pleased Heaven to afflict me thus!"

Edward was a youth of few words, and, after a pause, he replied, "If your theme is finished, I will copy it for you; mine I finished last night."

"No," said William, "it is mostly in its first rough state, and wants a few pages in conclusion; yet you can see it—read it at your leisure; and, since it is impossible for it to appear, if any ideas or phrases appear to you good, you are welcome to them. But, I beg your pardon," added he, correcting himself, "yours, I doubt not, is already the best."

Edward did as his friend desired him;—he took from William's desk the various sheets of the unfinished theme. He carried them home with him, and, without any intention of appropriating a single

word to his own benefit, sat down to its perusal. He read; and, as he read, grew more and more amazed:—were these thoughts—was this language indeed the composition of a youth like himself?

He was in the generous ardour of unsophisticated youth, and his heart, too, was devoted to a noble friendship, and the pure and lofty sentiments of his friend's composition aided the natural kindness of his heart. It was midnight when he had finished the half-concluded sentence which ended the manuscript, and, before morning, he had drawn up a statement of his friend's circumstances, accompanied by the rough copy of his theme, which he addressed to the heads of the college; he also made up his own papers—not now from any desire or expectation of obtaining the scholarship, but to prove, as he said in the letter with which he accompanied them, how much worthier his friend was than himself.

All this he did without being aware that he was performing an act of singular virtue; but believing merely that it was the discharge of his duty. Oh, how beautiful, how heroic is the high-minded integrity of a young and innocent spirit!

Edward did not even consult his friend the schoolmaster about what he had done, but took the packet the next morning to the nearest coach town, and called on his friend William on his return, intending to keep from him, also, the knowledge of what he had done.

As soon as he entered the door, he saw by the countenance of the widow, that her son was worse. He had been so much excited by the conversation of the evening before, that fever had come on; and, before the day was over, he was in a state of delirium. Edward wept as he stood by his bed and heard his unconscious friend incoherently raving in fragments of his theme; while the widow,

heart-struck by this sudden change for the worse, bowed herself, like the Hebrew mother, and refused to be comforted.

Many days passed over before William was again calm, and then a melancholy languor followed, which, excepting that it was unaccompanied by alarming symptoms, was almost as distressing to witness. But the doctor gave hopes of speedy renovation as the spring advanced, and, by the help of his good constitution, entire, though perhaps slow, recovery.

As soon as Edward ceased to be immediately anxious about his friend, he began to be impatient for an answer to his letter; and, in process of time, that answer arrived. What the nature of that answer was, any one who had seen his countenance might have known; and, like a boy, as he was, he leaped up in the exultation of his heart, threw the letter to his old grandfather, who sate by in his quiet decrepitude, thinking that "for sure, the lad was gone mad!" and then, hardly waiting to hear the overflowings of the old man's joy and astonishment, folded up the letter, and bounded off like a roebuck to his friend's cottage.

The widow, like the grandfather, thought at first that Edward had lost his wits; he seized her with an eagerness that almost overwhelmed her, and compelled her to leave her household work and sit down. He related what he had done; and then, from the open letter which he held in his hand, read to her a singularly warm commendation of William's theme, from the four learned heads of the college, who accepted it, imperfect as it was, nominated him to the scholarship, and concluded with a hope, which, to the mother's heart, sounded like a prophecy, that the young man might become a future ornament to the university.

It is impossible to say which was greater, the mother's joy in the praise and success of her son, or her gratitude to his generous friend, who appeared to have sacrificed his prospects to those of his rival. But while she was pouring out her full-hearted torrent of gratitude, Edward put the letter into her hand, and desired her to read the rest, while he told the good news to William. The letter concluded with great praise from the reverend doctors of what they styled Edward's "generous self-sacrifice;" adding, that in admiration thereof, as well as in consideration of the merit of his own theme, they nominated him to a similar scholarship, which was also in their gift.

Little more need be added: the two friends took possession of their rooms at the commencement of the next term; and, following up the course of learning and virtue which they had begun in youth, were ornaments to human nature, as well as to the university.

MARY HOWITT.

Self-Preservation.

THE intemperance of the senses destroys life. Meat and drink of improper kinds, or in improper quantities, are slow poisons, which effectually kill people at last. Intemperance heaps disease upon disease, till life is a burden, and death the only relief. Study your feelings, they are your best physicians; and, remember, it is health that gives life its glee. To be *well!* what a luxury! To be in health, and alive in every fibre, what a cheap acquisition, when only moderation is the price!

Life is destroyed by *excessive passions*. The body is a nice machine, wisely adjusted for the purpose of even and constant use. When passion, like a madman in a mill, sets all the powers a-going without their proper balance, the machine takes fire, and the fool himself is consumed. Anger fires, envy gnaws, discontent frets, pride strains, avarice dries up; every passion gnaws the body somewhere, and all together rend it into shivers, and toss it by into the grave. Whence

comes this whirlwind of destruction? What are we angry about? Whom do we envy? What are we proud of? What is it that we are hoarding up? What! will I not agree to live in my cottage, because the squire occupies the great house? Will I not taste my cabbage, because my neighbour has a larger? What! am I so proud of my three skeps of bees, that I must spend three times the worth of them at the alehouse, to talk over my cleverness as a bee-master? Wretched people that we are! is it thus we squander life away?

Life is destroyed by *carelessness*. Aged people and children should not be left alone; they are not equal to the task of taking care of themselves. Pious old people pay for being waited upon, by their edifying conversation; and the little folks will reward us by and bye, if we use them properly. Let us not neglect their lives; let us, too, take care of our own. We have often observed labouring men, early in the morning at mowing-time, strip to work, and throw their clothes on the grass full of dew. At breakfast-time, heated with mowing, we have seen them take up and put on their clothes; not considering that rheumatic pains, and agues, and consumptions, and fevers, enter this way. A little cold is a little death; a little more chills us to clay, and fits us for the grave. It is not only life, in general that should be the object of our care, the life of every part is important. What would some people give for one eye, or one ear, or one arm, or one of the healthful pains of hunger? If we have these blessings, and if care will preserve them, we shall be inexcusable not to exercise it.

How Elephants cross Rivers.

ON the next page you will find represented one of those huge animals swimming, with his driver and other men on his back.

The elephant, it is said, sometimes swims in deep water, so very deep, that only the end of his trunk can be seen out of it; for he has the power of breathing through the tip of his trunk. With this long tube for breathing through, he trusts himself, without fear, to the cooling streams; not only the smaller ones, but even the Nile, and the mighty Ganges. When the water is not too deep, he can, of course, walk along on the bottom, only keeping the end of his trunk out of water. There is, sometimes, great danger in crossing rivers on the back of the elephant; for the huge animal, unconscious of what may happen to his keeper and others whom he carries, will often sink so low, that the passengers are obliged to stand upright on the highest part of his back, exposed to the risk of being washed off by the

current, or thrown off by any sudden jerk or motion he may make. Most animals, both large and small, know how to swim; even the squirrel can swim across some rivers; but he sometimes adopts another method. If he finds a piece of bark or wood, taking advantage of the wind, he places himself on the bark, erects his tail like a sail, and the wind wafts him over, though, occasionally, the wind may be too strong, or other misfortunes may occur to shipwreck him; in which case, if he will not take to swim, he must be drowned.

Paul Peregrine.

PAUL GIVES SOME ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF AND HIS ODD NOTIONS CONCERNING VARIOUS MATTERS—HE TELLS THE SECRET OF HIS BEING A MERRY OLD GENTLEMAN, AND OF HIS WAY OF GETTING THROUGH THE WORLD.

HERE I am, my little dears, right glad to see you all. You do not know my name, I dare say, but I am sure you will like to know about my travels and adventures, for I have been a long way.

I have traversed the ocean through and through; have visited many countries, both in the east and in the west, in the north, and in the south; sometimes hot, sometimes cold, sometimes fair, and sometimes foul; sometimes in "luck's way," as the saying is, and at others quite out of it.

And I will tell you what has carried me through both storm and sunshine. First, a good conscience; and, secondly, good spirits and a determination to make the best use of my lot; for I am quite sure that all Providence wills us to go through is the best for us in the

end. Hurrah, then, for a light heart and a quiet conscience, all the world over.

I dare say you will think, as you look at me, that I have had many hard knocks in my time; that I have not always sailed on smooth water; in short, that I have roughed it. I can assure you

that I have; and, so much the better, for that is the only thing that made a man of me.

If my time was to be lived over again, and it was put to me, Paul Peregrine, whether I would live a quiet life, with my bread ready baked for me, and cut and buttered, aye, sugared and buttered, if you like, in lieu of the life I have led, I would say, "No! Mr. Silverspoon; let me make my way in the world; to enjoy its sweets, I must taste the bitters."

When God sent us into this world, he sent us here to act, and not to dream away our time. I do not mean to say that every one should lead a roving sort of life, as I have done; but I do think that the real joy of this life is in having something to accomplish, some end in view, something to surmount. There is nothing so beneficial as difficulties.

Here am I, after sixty years' service, as hard and hearty as a young oak tree. Yes, I know my hair is a little grey; I know there are a few crows' feet round the corners of my eyes; but a brave man's heart never grows old.

Here am I, Paul Peregrine, once a poor boy without a friend in the world, and without a farthing in his pocket; now, justice of the peace in my own native village, admiral of the red, and I do not know yet what I may be before I die. I have not done yet. I have still something to do.

I dare say my little readers would like to know my history. It is a long one; I am afraid I shall tire you before I have done. Sixty years, all made up of days and hours and minutes, is a long time to look back upon; but you shall hear of my childhood, boyhood, manhood, and of all I have seen and suffered, felt and known.

There was once a famous navigator, of whom you have heard, his name was Cook, Captain Cook. He had been round the world and round the world, and, although he had seen a great deal, he knew nothing of what human nature was; and so it was said of him, although he had been round the world, he was never in it.

This is not my case, I have been both *in* the world as well as round it, and I can assure you that mankind are not so wicked as some people would paint them; they are quite wicked enough, however, to my thinking; but what I have found is, that the greatest rogues are the most short-witted; and, to act wisely, is to act *honestly.*

"Honesty is the best policy." You know that proverb. I learned it when I was a boy; I practised it when I was a man; and I prove it in my old age. This honesty not only means being true and just in all our dealings, but includes *sincerity of heart, truth, disinterestedness.* But I had to learn all this.

Disinterestedness! what a long word. I am afraid that some of you cannot spell it. It means this:—to serve others better than yourself; to do as you would be done by. If your mother gave you two apples, one for yourself and one for another boy, you would, if you were *disinterested,* take the *less* and give away the *larger.* I remember, once, dining with a schoolfellow on Tower-hill; we had a fowl between us, so my friend cut it up. He took the two wings and the breast, and left me the legs. There was nothing very disinterested in that; but I had the best dinner.

Some people would have fretted and snarled, and have been quite peevish, but I sat down with a cheerful heart, and ate my somewhat tough morsel, giving God thanks for two things: that I was content,

and that I had been warned of the selfish disposition of my companion.

Observe is a word we should never forget; not that we should be always upon the look out for other people's faults, and think ourselves faultless, but by observation comes experience, and experience makes fools wise. "Give heed to experience," as sayeth the proverb, "or she will most assuredly rap your knuckles;" a pennyworth of experience is worth a pound of theory.

But I will not preach any longer, but will at once come to my history, and tell you of my birth, parentage, and education.

I was born in the year 1780, which, you know, is just sixty-eight years ago. My father I never knew, as he went out of the world the very year I came into it, being killed in a battle with the French fleet. He was boatswain of the Antelope, a smart frigate, carrying thirty-six guns, and died in the moment of victory. He fell *covered with glory*, it was said, in the newspapers; and my poor mother was left a widow.

There was a great thanksgiving for the victory which the English had gained over the French. I believe more than two thousand men were killed, and four or five ships sunk, with all the men on board; two were blown up into the air, and several were taken. It was, indeed, a very *glorious victory*. But, while the bells were ringing for it, and the people were huzzaing, and the guns were firing, my poor mother, as I have heard her say, sat by the fireside all day, crying as if her heart would break.

And it would have broken, I dare say, as many other poor widows' hearts have broken, but for the circumstance of my mother being a religious, good woman. She heard the bell-ringing, and the shout-

ing, and although, as I said, her heart seemed like to burst when she thought of my poor father being cut in two by a cannon-shot, yet she felt it her duty to submit. So she clasped me to her bosom, kissed me a thousand times, and hoped for better days.

I was then only six months old, and knew nothing, but she told me the story so many times, that I can never forget it. Well, there she was, a poor, lone widow, with very few friends, very many sorrows, very little money, and a good deal of love. How was she

to get her living? How was she to bring me up? This perplexed her by day, so that she could not eat or drink; and so disturbed her by night, that she could get no sleep; and, at last, she fell very ill indeed. When she recovered a little, I borrowed a donkey, and drew the dear old creature about, set in the cart on a chair. But, as soon as she could crawl about, as the saying is, for she had been very ill, and scarcely out of the house for several months, she thought she would try what she could do to get a little work, to relieve the parish charge; for she had been what was called an out-door pauper, that is, she received from the overseers every week half-a-crown to keep herself and child. You may suppose we did not fare very sumptuously, but God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and so we did not absolutely perish.

One day, my mother was going along the high-street, wheeling her barrow of some clothes she had been washing, and I pulling before, in the little sea-port town in which we lived, and a Quaker gentlemen, whose name was Fox, came up to her, and, taking hold of my hand, said, "Well, friend Peregrine, and where dost thou and thy little one *live* now? Or, rather, where dost thou *starve*, eh?"

My mother was not used to kind looks and kind words, for overseers and parish officers (the only persons that she ever came in contact with), are generally surly enough; and so, when she heard the kind mild words of the good old Quaker, she dropped a courtesy, and the tears came into her eyes.

"Wherefore weep?" said he, "God careth for the sparrows, and so He will for thee. What can I do for thee? Thou knowest that at the burning of lights and the sounding of the bells I refused to give money to the rejoicing, because I thought of thy poor husband,

and the thousand others, cut, and maimed, and killed by sword and gun. Perhaps thou didst hear of my windows being broken, because I refused to light up; well, they took *some pains* to do it, I must confess. But what shall I do for thee? Thou wishest to work, shall I buy thee a mangle?"

This was the very thing my poor mother had set her heart upon; and she felt quite overpowered, and thought it must be a dream: and so she rubbed her eyes, and looked at the Quaker again and

again. At last, she said, "dear sir, what do you mean?" for she could not believe that anybody would do her such a kindness.

"Thy husband shed his blood in defence of our country," said he, "I knew him when he was a boy, and, although he gave me two or three good drubbings, for he was always fond of fighting, yet he was a bold, noble heart. So, if thou art as willing to *work* as he was to *fight*, I will buy thee a mangle, and by-and-bye the little one here will be able to turn it for thee. So get thee home, and come and tell me thy mind to-morrow."

My poor mother, I have heard her say, never felt the ground all the way to her own door; her heart seemed to lift her up with it, it was so light. She got home; and the first thing she did was to fall on her knees and thank God for his goodness.

Two days afterwards the mangle was brought home, and with it came a bushel of flour, a thick piece of salt-beef, tea, sugar, soap, and two pounds of short thirteens. The very next day my mother had four-and-twenty dozen of shirts, pinafores, aprons, petticoats, sheets, and table-linen. As to the candles, I suppose the Quaker saved them out of the illumination.

Chevy Chase.

MY young readers will find, on the opposite page, a representation of the Castle of the Douglases, which, with an account of Chevy Chase, will, I am sure, be acceptable to them.

David Bruce, king of Scotland, died on the 22nd of February, 1371; and, as he had no children, his nephew, Robert Stewart, succeeded to the throne. He was called Robert II., and was the first of the family that wore the crown.

In the reign of this king, the greatest hatred existed between the neighbouring people of England and Scotland, which extended not only to the lower orders, but also to the higher ranks; and, as the inhabitants of the borders paid very little obedience to the commands of their sovereigns, daily outrages were committed by them upon each other, even when the two kings were at peace.

The two families of Percy and Douglas, whose lands lay near

each other, were continually at variance. It had long been a custom for the borderers of each kingdom to attend each other's fairs during the time of there being a truce between them; and, upon one of these

occasions, a servant of the Earl of March had been killed in a quarrel, at the town of Roxburgh, which was still in the hands of the English. The Earl of March demanded justice for this man's death from Lord

Percy, but the latter did not attend to the complaint; on which, March and his brother, the Earl of Roxburgh, next fair-time, plundered and burned the town, and killed all the English that fell into their hands. In revenge, the English borderers were ordered to lay the Earl of March's lands waste; and on their road they destroyed the estate of Sir John Gordon, a man of great consequence in the south of Scotland. Sir John was much enraged, and in his turn drove off a large booty of cattle and a number of prisoners; as he was returning, he was attacked by a body of troops, commanded by Sir John Lisburn, at a place called Carew, and an obstinate battle followed. The Scots were five times repulsed, but, at last, they renewed the fight with such fury, that Lisburn, his brother, and many other persons of distinction were taken prisoners, together with all the surviving soldiers. Upon this, Lord Percy encamped at Duns, in the south of Scotland, with seven thousand men, but was obliged to retreat for want of provisions. In the meantime, Musgrave, the governor of Berwick, was ordered to join Percy with some troops from that garrison, but on his march he was met, defeated, and taken prisoner by Sir John Gordon; after which, the border war became general on both sides. The fair of Roxburgh was once more the scene of action, and the town was burned down by the Scots. This kind of cruel war continued for some years.

In 1388, the Scots, having determined to invade England, raised two great armies at the same time, each consisting of twenty-five thousand men, and commanded by noblemen of the highest rank. One of these armies entered Cumberland, and the other Northumberland, and they had agreed to meet within ten miles of Newcastle. The English were in great consternation, and did all in their power

to oppose the invaders, and to drive them back to their own country. The brave Percy, who had long been Earl of Northumberland, was become old and infirm; he was governor of Newcastle, but was incapable of taking the field himself, so his two sons, Henry and Ralph, commanded instead of him; the former of whom is well known in history by the name of Harry Hotspur. The town was garrisoned by the flower of the English nobility and gentry, and also by the inhabitants of the neighbouring country, who had fled thither for refuge against the invaders. Douglas, one of the Scotch commanders, chose two thousand foot and three hundred horse out of the two armies, and encamped in the north of the town, intending to attack it next day; but, in the meantime, Hotspur challenged Douglas to fight him in single combat with sharp spears, in sight of the English and Scotch armies. Douglas accepted the challenge, and Percy was thrown from his horse on the first encounter, and obliged to take refuge within the gate of the town, but Douglas being repulsed, he decamped in the night. Percy was greatly enraged, and, longing for revenge, he pursued the Scots, and overtook them at Atterburn; his arrival was so unexpected, that the principal commanders of the Scottish army were sitting at supper, unarmed. The soldiers, however, were immediately prepared for battle, but in the hurry attending a surprise of the kind, Douglas forgot to put on his armour. Both Percy and Douglas encouraged their men by the most animating speeches, and both parties waited for the moon to rise, which happened that night to be uncommonly bright. The battle began on the moon's first appearance, and the Scots gave way; but, being rallied by Douglas, who fought with a battle-axe, the English were totally routed. Twelve hundred of them were killed, and one hundred

persons of distinction were taken prisoners. Henry Percy, and others of rank were carried into Scotland, but set at liberty soon afterwards by payment of a ransom. The bodies of Douglas and other Scotch heroes that fell were carried to Melrose, and there interred with great military pomp.

Story of a Desert.

A DESERT is a sandy plain, generally of a great extent, without vegetation, and almost entirely without water; there are, indeed, in some deserts, a few wells, and, in the spots thus watered, which are called oases, some shrubs and plants are found; but these springs are very scarce and far distant from each other, so that travellers often suffer much from thirst.

Nor is the want of water the only hardship to which those who are obliged to cross a desert are exposed, they are very likely to lose their way, for there are no objects to mark out the direction in which they ought to travel; nor can any roads be made, because the sand is loose, and blown about with the breeze.

Sometimes a whirlwind raises the sand in such clouds, as to overwhelm the travellers completely, leaving nothing but a hill of sand where, but a few moments before, had been a crowd of men, horses and camels.

Deserts are found in America, in Asia, and in Africa; Arabia in Asia is composed, in a great measure, of deserts; no settled inhabitants live in these wastes, but they are frequented by tribes of wandering Arabs, who dwell in tents, which they carry about with them from one oasis to another, never remaining long in one place.

Besides their camels, these Arabs possess the swiftest and most beautiful horses in the world. In the great desert of Africa, called Zahara (which means desert), there are also wandering Arabs, who leave their own country, but continue to lead much the same sort of life that their ancestors led before them. Each tribe is governed by a chief, who is called a sheik, a word meaning "old man." These Arabs are often robbers; and they seldom fail to strip the unfortunate travellers who fall into their hands of all their property.

When merchants, or other travellers, are about to cross the desert, they join together for their mutual safety, and form large companies, sometimes consisting of more than a thousand people. These companies are called caravans; they take horses and mules with them, but their chief dependence is on the camel, which, from its form and habits, is better suited to the desert than any other animal. In Africa, the dromedary, which much resembles the camel, supplies its place. The dromedary has one hump instead of two, like the Asiatic camel, and it has a much swifter pace; in other respects, there is no great difference between them.

The following story, which is a true one, will give you some idea of the suffering caused by want of water in a journey through the desert:—

Ali Bey had been travelling to Morocco, and was on the point of leaving that country; he wished to go from a town called Ousehda to

Tangier, which is a seaport, whence he intended to embark for the east. He was accompanied by two officers and thirty guards, to protect him on the way. He had been informed that four hundred Arabs were watching for him on the high-road, probably with the intention of robbing him. This information induced him to leave Ousehda privately, and, quitting the high road, he crossed the fields to the south, and pushed forward towards the desert. The night was dark, and the sky covered with clouds; they advanced very fast during the night, and at nine o'clock in the morning they stopped near a stream, where the guards took leave of Ali Bey, and left him to the care of some Arabs who had joined him on the road. A dispute arose among the guards at parting, which, for a time, alarmed Ali Bey and his companions, and so occupied their attention, that they neglected to supply themselves with water at the stream, whose banks they were now leaving.

They continued marching on in great haste, for fear of being overtaken by the four hundred Arabs, whom they wished to avoid. For this reason they never kept the common road, but passed through the middle of the desert, marching over stony places and low hills. The country is entirely without water, and not a tree is to be seen in it, nor a rock that can afford a shelter from the heat. There is a particular clearness in the air, an intense sun darting its beams on the head of a traveller, and slight breezes scorching like a flame. Such is a faithful picture of the desert through which Ali Bey was passing.

The travellers had neither eaten nor drunk since the preceding day, and their horses and mules were in the same condition. Soon after, twelve of the men, as well as the poor animals, began to be

worn out with fatigue. The mules were stumbling at every step with their burdens, and required help to lift them up again. This exertion exhausted the little strength the men had left.

At two in the afternoon a man dropped down stiff as if he were dead, from fatigue and thirst. Ali Bey stopped with three or four of his people to assist him. The little moisture that was left in one of the leathern bags, in which they carry water in those countries, was squeezed out, and a few drops poured into the man's mouth, but without relieving him. Ali Bey began to feel his own strength failing, and, becoming very weak, he determined to mount on horseback, leaving the poor fellow behind. This seemed very cruel, but they could do nothing for the unfortunate man; he was dying of thirst, and they had no water to give him. It could be no comfort to him for his companions to lie down and die by his side.

From this time others of the caravan began to droop, one after the other, and there was no possibility of giving them any assistance, so they were necessarily left to their unhappy fate. Several mules with their burdens were also left behind, and Ali Bey saw some of his trunks lying on the ground, without knowing what had become of their mules or their drivers. The loss of the baggage affected him but little; he pushed on without caring about it.

His horse, though the strongest in the whole caravan, now began to tremble under him. When he endeavoured to encourage his men to go faster, they answered by looking at him and pointing to their mouths to show how much they suffered from thirst. The whole party were now sensible of the impossibility of supporting such fatigue until they should reach the place where they were to meet with water again.

At last, about four in the afternoon, Ali Bey had his turn, and fell down from thirst and weariness. It is impossible to imagine a more wretched condition than that of Ali Bey, stretched senseless on the ground in the middle of the desert, left with only three or four men, one of whom had dropped at the same time as himself, and those who retained their senses were without the means of assisting him.

He remained senseless for about half-an-hour, when, at some distance, a caravan was seen approaching. The chief of the caravan, observing the distressed situation of our travellers, ordered some water to be thrown over them. Ali Bey presently recovered his senses, and looked around him; at first he could not see clearly, but soon he perceived seven or eight persons, who were assisting him with much kindness. He tried to speak to them, but a painful feeling in his throat prevented him, and he could only point to his mouth. These charitable people continued to pour water upon his face and hands, till he was able to swallow a few mouthfuls; this enabled him to ask, "Who are you that thus assist me?" When they heard him speak, they rejoiced greatly, and said, "Fear nothing, we are no robbers, but your friends! They poured more water over him, filled some of his leathern bags, and then left him in haste. After sparing so much of their own water, they could not, without danger to themselves, stay longer in this desert place.

The dreadful thirst, which was so nearly fatal to Ali Bey and his people, was first preceded by extreme dryness of the skin; the eyes appeared bloody; the tongue and mouth were covered with a crust; a faintness, or languor, took away the power of moving; and a painful sensation in the throat and chest interrupted the breathing This is what Ali Bey felt before he became insensible.

After the caravan had left him, he remounted his horse with some difficulty, and went on his journey. In the evening he reached a brook, and, during the night, his men and baggage arrived. The caravan had met them in the desert, and saved both men and animals.

Natural History.

BUTTERFLIES.

TAKE a beautiful butterfly, look at it, mark the splendid hue of its wings, how variegated they are, how bright their tints, and how they glisten in the sun!

There are many thousands of butterflies, of every colour, and some with nearly every colour mixed, red, blue, yellow, white, brown; some seem to sparkle like gold and gems.

If you could look at this specimen through a microscope, you would find the wings, of which there are four, two small and two large, to be composed of a great variety of tendons, which render them strong and flexible.

The wings are, in themselves, quite transparent, but, being covered with that down, or dust, which comes off on the finger, when

you touch them, they become opaque. This dust is, in short, a great variety of little feathers, laid one over the other, like the tiles on a house, the edges of one row coming over those of the next row.

The butterfly has six legs, though only four are made use of in walking; the two fore-legs are used as hands, to convey things to their mouths, or to clean their heads or faces; they are almost concealed under the long hairs of the insect's body.

The eyes of butterflies are, in some species, very large, and in others very small; some of them have a great number of sides, like a multiplying-glass, or a diamond cut into numerous facets.

Butterflies have also two horns on their head, called feelers; they are thin, but end in a round knob. Between the eyes is the creature's trunk; it is generally rolled up like a watch-spring; this trunk is composed of two hollow tubes, nicely joined to each other; when in search of food, they pass this tube into the bottom of a flower, this they repeat seven or eight times, and then pass on to another flower.

Butterflies lay their eggs in the chinks of woody parts of trees, and sometimes between the tree and the bark. The eggs are hatched by the heat of the sun; the produce, however, is not a *butterfly*, but a thing very different—a *caterpillar*.

The caterpillar appears, in some species, to be covered over with soft, fine hair; in others, the exterior is beautifully variegated. The body is composed of twelve oval rings,; it has neither upper nor lower jaw, for the jaws are made so as to cut the food they eat, after the manner of a pair of pruning-shears.

Caterpillars do not breathe by the mouth, as we do, but through eighteen holes in their body, nine on each side, each hole being furnished with a pair of lungs.

After the caterpillar has lived for some weeks, it prepares itself to undergo its great change. It now either encloses itself in the leaf of a tree, which it folds all round its body, or it spins itself a web, or affixes itself, by its tail, to some hole in a tree; for every different species has a different way of securing itself.

Thus enclosed, a remarkable change takes place; it is no longer a variegated caterpillar, with a soft tender skin, but a glossy, hard, brown grub, called a chrysalis. Thus it remains for a considerable time; in some species it remains in this state all the winter.

At last the moisture with which it is everywhere surrounded begins to dry up; its case, or coffin, in which it has been surrounded, gets thin, and, at last, it bursts forth into the air and sunshine, a new creature, adorned in rich beauty, and wings its way among the flowers.

Natural History.

BEES.

BEES! You know well what a bee is, as I dare say you have often watched one buzzing about from flower to flower. You may not, however, know much about the structure and habits of the bee; so I will tell you something of them.

If you look at a bee, you will find that it is very curiously formed; and the first remarkable member in its body is its trunk, which is not of a tubular form, like that of most other insects, by which the juices of flowers are sucked up, but rather like a tongue by which the honey is licked away. The bee is also furnished with teeth, which assist it in making its wax.

The belly of the bee is divided into six rings, which it can contract or expand at pleasure. It is also furnished with a honey-bag, a venom-bag, and a sting.

The honey-bag is transparent, and as clear as crystal; it contains the honey which the bee has licked from the flowers, the greater part of which is carried to the hive and poured into the cells of the honeycomb, the remainder serving the insect for its own nourishment; for, during the summer, it never touches its winter hoard.

The sting is composed of two small darts, each of which is armed with several points, or barbs, and a sheath, which, by means of its sharp point, makes the first cut in the flesh, and is immediately followed by the dart or sting.

The bee is also furnished with two stomachs, one for its honey and the other for its wax. In this latter stomach the wax is formed from that fine powder, or farina, collected from the flowers, by being swallowed, digested, and concocted into real wax, and then ejected from the same passage by which it was swallowed.

The bee, in preparing his wax from the flowers, rolls himself in thin farina, or dust; his body being covered with hairs, this sticks to it; it is then afterwards brushed off by the bee's hind-legs, and kneaded into balls, chewed and digested.

There is a large proportion of this powder kneaded together for

food in every hive, and known by the name of bee-bread. This serves the bee, in part, for winter provisions.

The honey which the bee collects is taken from that part of the flower called the *nectarium;* and, after passing into the honey-bag, is disgorged into one of the cells in the hive. Such is the manner in which honey and wax are made.

If you look at a bee-hive, with the bees swarming about it, you would think all was confusion, but it is not so; it is a most orderly association of individuals, all employed in promoting the welfare of the whole.

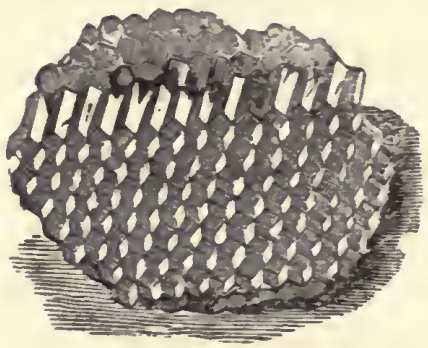
Every hive is composed of three sorts of bees. First, the neutral, or working bees, which are the greatest in number; next, the drones, or males, of which there are not above a hundred in a hive; thirdly, the queen bees, or females, who lay all the eggs for the young, of these there is generally only one in each hive.

When a swarm of bees takes possession of a hive, their first care is to stop out the cold, by filling up all the chinks and crevices. This they do by plastering it all over inside with a kind of gum, harder and drier than the wax, which they collect from the willow, birch, and poplar trees.

They then form themselves into parties, for the better execution of their work. Each hive is divided into four companies; one of which goes out in quest of materials; another is occupied in laying out the bottoms and partitions of their cells; the third finishes the cells and smooths the inside; and the fourth either brings food for the rest or relieves those that are tired.

Such method makes quick work, and thus, in one day's time, will be constructed cells enough for three thousand bees, allowing one cell

to each bee. These cells are perfect hexagons, every honeycomb being double, opening on each side, and closing at the bottom. If you look at the lines that form the hexagonal figure, you will find that it affords the most room in the inside, and takes up the least space on the outside; in short, the outside of one cell forms the inside of another. This is *economy*.



The cells for the young are carefully formed; those designed for the drones are a little larger, and that intended for the queen bee is the largest of all.

When the queen bee lays her eggs, she is attended right royally, as queens should be; a large retinue composes her train; these are the drones; they attend her from cell to cell. Thus attended, she deposits an egg in each cell, sometimes to the amount of several thousand.

In a day or two after these eggs are laid, the young bee appears, in the form of a small maggot; these are fed by the working bees, and attended with the greatest care, till they come to their full growth, when they refuse the proffered food.

The old bees perceiving that the young bee has no longer occasion

for their care, perform the last office of tender regard, by immuring the young animal in its cell, closing up the mouth of it with wax.

The young animal is now transformed into an *aurelia*, somewhat in the manner of the caterpillar, and, in the space of about twenty days from the time the egg is first laid, the bee is completely formed, and fitted to undergo the fatigues of its future life.

It is no sooner freed from its shell, than a number of bees flock round it, some licking it clean with their trunks, and some feeding it with honey, while others begin to clean the cell it has just left.

The bee is no sooner liberated, *than it begins to work*, and joins in all the fatigues and duties of its new life; and the very first day of its existence it returns home loaded with its proper quantity of wax.

When the young bees begin to break their enclosures, there are, generally, a hundred liberated each day; so that, in the course of a few weeks, the number of inhabitants becomes too great for one hive, and necessity compels the old and young to part.

SONG TO THE BEE.

GIVE thee good morrow, busy bee!
No cloud is in the sky,
The ringdove skims across the lea,
The morning lark soars high,
Gay sunbeams kiss the dewy flower,
Slight breezes stir the tree,
And sweet is thine own woodbine bower:
Good morrow, busy bee.

Give thee good even, busy bee!
The summer day is by,
Now droning beetles haunt the lea,
And shrieking plovers cry;
The light grows pale on leaf and flower,
The night wind chills the tree,
And thou, well-laden, leav'st thy bower:
Good even, busy bee!

Something about the Stuff Life is made of.

THAT stuff is *Time*, according to Shakspeare; and I have often thought that a few words concerning this stuff, precious indeed, would not be unacceptable to my young readers; for I like to blend the useful with the instructive.

Think of it, my young friends, what is time? Time is succession. Our minds have an idea of the present, the past, and the future; the present is that which now is; the past, that which has been; and the future, that which is to come.

Can this be weighed? no! Can it be figured, or drawn? no! Can it be measured? Yes! but we can neither see it, nor hear it; we cannot quicken it, or retard it, nor stop it! On and on, for ever, it flies, and our lives with it—from youth to age; from the cradle to the grave!

How do we measure time? It is said, in the Bible, that God set lights in the firmament, that they might be signs for seasons, and days, and months and years. Accordingly, we find that the earliest nations measured time by these changes and revolutions of the heavenly bodies, particularly of the moon.

It was almost self-evident that the sun rose in a particular part of the heavens, and set in another; and that while he was visible we had light, and that when he was invisible we had darkness. Hence arose the first simple division of time into day and night.

Very slight observation would soon teach that the moon was at one period like a small bright crescent in the heavens, at another she filled up a half-circle, and at another she was perfectly round; again she was seen to decrease, and at last was invisible.

These changes were soon found to take place during a certain number of days; and thence arose at once the idea of dividing the time the moon took to go through these changes into certain portions, called weeks; the whole time being a month.

After this, it was, doubtless, soon found, by further observation, that the sun, although he rose every day, did not always rise in exactly the same place; that, as he varied his rising, it was sometimes warmer, sometimes colder; that his continuance above the earth was also longer at one time than another; that when he was in one situation, certain plants sprung up; when in another, they blossomed; when in another, they cast their seed; when in another, they lost their verdure.

After a certain time, it was discovered that these changes recurred over and over again in a certain order, and thus a larger division of time was invented, which was called a year.

During this succession of changes of the sun, it was observed that the changes of the moon took place a certain number of times; hence arose what was, in all probability, the first sort of years—lunar years; that is, years measured by the changes of the moon. The lunar year consists of 354 days, and is in use among the Arabians, Turks and Saracens, at the present day.

The year, as measured by the various changes of the moon, was soon found to be very imperfect; but it required a great deal of study, and much observation, for many centuries, to measure the year exactly, so as to make the calculation perfect.

At last, however, the Babylonian and Egyptian astronomers, by making exact observations of the course of the sun, found that it took a certain number of days to complete its changes. It was noticed, also, that the sun appeared to pass through certain clusters of stars.

As it was necessary, in speaking of the sun's places at particular times, to say, he was in this cluster on such a month, or that cluster at another time, the Egyptians invented what is called the *zodiac;* that is, they made these clusters of stars through which the sun appeared to pass, to consist of twelve, to each of which they gave a name corresponding to the time of the year in which the sun should appear in them, and thus formed a band, or zone, of the sun's apparent course. These were called the twelve signs of the zodiac.

This zodiac in the heavens is an imaginary belt, about sixteen degrees broad, beyond the limits of which the sun appears not to deviate, and is, as I said, emblematical of the various phenomena of the year. It does not, however, quite correspond with our seasons, but rather with the climate of Egypt, where it was first used.

The names of the signs are :—

♈ *Aries*, the ram.	♎ *Libra*, the balance.
♉ *Taurus*, the bull.	♏ *Scorpio*, the scorpion.
♊ *Gemini*, the twins.	♐ *Sagittarius*, the archer.
♋ *Cancer*, the crab.	♑ *Capricornus*, the goat.
♌ *Leo*, the lion.	♒ *Aquarius*, the water-bearer.
♍ *Virgo*, the virgin.	♓ *Pisces*, the fishes.

The first six of these are the northern or summer signs; the other six, the southern or winter signs. The first three signs, the ram, the bull, and the twins, which correspond to the months of March, April and May, were expressive of the fecundity of that season; while the crab denoted the sun's retrograde motion at mid-summer. The lion was emblematical of the fierce heat which generally ensues after that period, in July. The virgin with ears of corn signified the harvest. The balance showed the equality of the days and nights in autumn. The scorpion, the unhealthy season at the fall of the leaf. The archer denoted the hunting season. The goat, remarkable for climbing, expressed that the sun was again mounting the zodiac. The water-bearer represented the setting in of the wet season, in those parts of the world; and pisces, the fishes, were emblematical of the fishing season.

You see, then, that the year is divided into twelve periods, and these are arranged into four seasons, which depend upon the inclination of the axis of the earth, which is inclined towards the plane of the ecliptic, that is, the earth's orbit, twenty-three degrees and a half.

The ecliptic is the apparent course of the sun, but is, in reality, the earth's course among the stars, or those clusters of stars which form the zodiac.

In consequence of this inclination of the earth's axis towards the plane of the ecliptic twenty-three-and-a-half degrees, its rays extend exactly twenty-three-and-a-half degrees beyond the north pole, which makes our summer; while, during our winter, its rays fall twenty-three-and-a-half degrees beyond the south pole, which makes our winter.

Spring begins on the 21st of March, called the spring equinox; at which time the night is equal to the day in length. *Summer* begins on the 21st of June, which is called the summer solstice; solstice means a point in which the sun seems to stop; several successive days being, then, of nearly an equal length. *Autumn* begins on the 21st of September, which is called the autumnal equinox. *Winter* begins on the 21st of December, which is called the winter solstice.

This division of time, which I have just been explaining to you, forms what is called the natural, or solar, year, which is now found to consist of three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-eight minutes, and fifty-four seconds.

The year by which we calculate is, however, not quite so long as this, because we cannot take into calculation the odd hours and minutes; we say, the year consists of 365 days, made up in this manner, which forms the common, or civil year:—

January, 31.	April, 30.	July, 31.	October, 31.
February, 28.	May, 31.	August, 31.	November, 30.
March, 31.	June, 30.	September, 30.	December, 31.

Now it is plain that, as this year is shorter than the true, or solar, year, by five hours, forty-eight minutes and fifty-four seconds, which is nearly six hours, it would lead to great confusion, unless something could be done with these odd hours and minutes. Accordingly, it was arranged that every fourth year should have one day added to it, because the six hours, or nearly so, would amount to a day in four years.

This arrangement was made by Julius Cæsar, and hence the common year is called the Julian year. The additional day he ordered to be added to the twenty-fourth of February, which was counted twice. The Latin word for twice is *bis*, hence we have the name, *bis-sextile*. We add the odd hours and minutes every fourth year, called leap-year, to the month of February, which has then twenty-nine days.

At the time this arrangement was made by Cæsar, by the aid of Sosigenes, a famous mathematician, called over from Egypt for this especial purpose, it was found that sixty-seven days had been lost, through the bad calculations of the pontifices; it was, therefore, necessary to fix the beginning of the year at the winter solstice. That year was then made to consist of 445 days, and was called *annus confusionis*, the year of confusion.

This mode of calculating time was a great improvement on the ancient calendar, but it was not perfect, as it made the year eleven minutes too long; this error amounted to a whole day in one hundred and thirty years; till at last, in the year 1582, as many as ten days were gained.

Pope Gregory the Thirteenth undertook to reform this error, and ordered that, after the fourth of October, ten days should be omitted,

so that the day which followed the fourth, in place of being called the fifth, was called the fifteenth; and thus the Julian year was corrected. To prevent such variation from happening at any future time, he also ordered that, after the year 1600, every hundredth year, which should have been leap-year according to the Julian reckoning, should be a common year, for three successive centuries, but that at the end of every fourth century there should be a leap-year. Thus the years 1700, 1800, 1900, and all the years up to the year 2000, will have an equal number of days; but the year 2000 is to have an additional day; after which time, we shall go on again after the same manner.

This arrangement of time is called the Gregorian calendar, and was adopted first in Roman Catholic countries. In the year 1752 it was also adopted in England, by means of an act of parliament, which declared that the third day of September should be called the fourteenth; at the same time, the first of January was made the first day of the year, which had before been said to begin on the twenty-fifth of March.

The former mode of dividing the year is called the "old style" (O.S.), and the present, the "new style." (N.S.) Some countries still follow the old style.

I think, after this explanation, you will be able to understand not only the divisions of time, but something of chronology, which has been called one of the eyes of history.

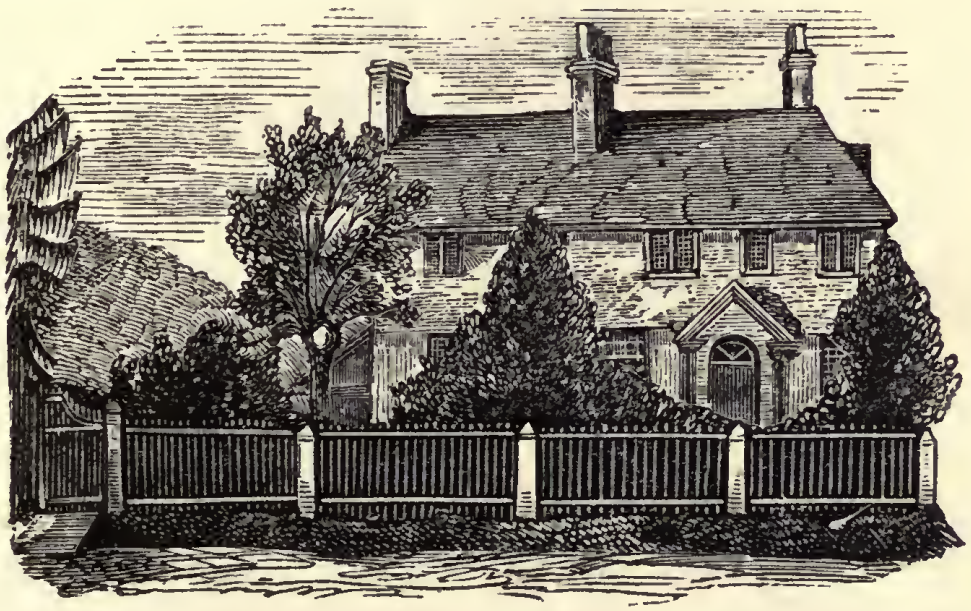
Something about Building.

WHAT a strange thing it would be if we had no houses to live in, and were forced to sleep on the tops of trees, in caves, or among the clefts and crannies of rocks and mountains. Many ages ago, mankind, then in a savage state, were obliged to make use of such wild retreats. They had not learned to build houses, and were, in this respect, not so well off as the birds, which, you know, mostly manage to build a nice warm nest, in which they bring up their young.

The first houses were, in all probability, cut out of the sides of crags, or banks; after this, it was found, perhaps, more advantageous to build them of branches of trees, set up an end, and leaning together in a point at the top. Marabee houses were also made of the skins of beasts, stretched over a pole, of a similar form. These were the earliest tents; but how long it is ago since the eastern nations,

who were the first inhabitants of this earth, had such kinds of habitations, is not known.

We know that, at the present day, all savage nations have such houses. The Icelanders build theirs of snow; and the inhabitants of America, of the South-sea Islands, of the wilds of Africa, and New Holland, form their huts in the rudest manner. We know, also, that the Irish mud cabins, the Scotch hovels, and some of the English cottages, are not a great deal better than the huts of savages.



But if you look at such buildings as the one here represented, you will find them to be very different from the rude hut, wigwam, or snow house; you will observe that they are much larger, and of greater beauty. The finest buildings are temples, which are generally of larger dimensions than houses. The temples of rude nations were, however, as rude as their dwellings; for they sometimes consisted of a number of upright stones fixed in the ground, with another on the top, the whole enclosing an immense circle.

It is, then, of some interest for us to inquire how houses are built, and of the materials of which they are made; and, lastly, of the different styles of architecture; for houses and temples were built of different forms, in different ages, and are now very different in Asia to what they are in Europe, which are generally of the Gothic style, as seen in this and the opposite pages.

Houses have walls, roofs, doors, chimneys, rooms, passages, stairs, floors, closets, sinks, cellars, pantries and kitchens.

The roof of a house is the top of it, and is built aslant, so that, when it rains, the water may run off. A frame-work of wood is made, which is first covered with laths, and afterwards with tiles or slates.

The walls of a house are made either of bricks or stones, laid one on the top of the other, and joined together by cement or mortar.

The chimneys proceed from the fire-place to the top of the house, and come out through the roof, above which they are carried several feet; on their top is an earthen pot, called a chimney-pot. The use

of chimneys is to carry off the smoke. Chimneys have not been thought of above a thousand years; before this time, the smoke used to go out at a hole in the roof. This is the case now in the Irish and Scotch cabins, but in England I never saw a house without a chimney.

The doors of houses are made of deal or oak, and sometimes of mahogany: they swing on hinges, and have locks and catches to fasten them. Their use is to keep the cold out, and to connect one room with another, or the house with the street.

The rooms of houses are of various kinds. The rooms of very poor people serve them for parlour, and kitchen, and bedroom, in one, which is very unhealthy. The house of a tradesman generally consists of a shop, a parlour, a drawing-room, several bedrooms, with kitchen and cellar. The houses of people who are rich consist of a great number of apartments—a saloon, a hall, a picture gallery, a large dining-room, drawing-rooms, library, dressing-rooms, breakfast-rooms, and many others.

The house, or dwelling, of a king, a prince, or a bishop, is called a palace, and it is generally very large, and contains many other apartments, fitted up in the most splendid manner.

The passages in a house lead from one room to another; the stairs lead to the bed-chambers, or other upper apartments. The floors of the passages and rooms are generally made of deal or oak; the former are usually covered with painted canvas, called oil-cloth, and the latter with carpet.

The cellar of a house is generally underground, and is used for keeping coals, wood, beer and wine in. The closets are for the purpose of placing clothes and linen in security. The pantry and larder

is for provisions of various kinds; and the kitchen is for the servants to live in, and to cook our food.

OF BUILDING MATERIALS.

THE materials for house building are stone, brick, wood, mortar, tile, slate, iron, lead, zinc and glass.

Stone is formed in large mountain masses, and is dug out from pits, or holes, made by the workmen, called quarries. Some of the most famous of these quarries are at the Isle of Portland and at Bath, from which the Portland and Bath stone is procured.

Bricks are made of clay; the clay is first dug from the earth; then ground in a mill; then moulded into a square shape; then burnt in a brick-kiln, to make it dry and hard. Some bricks are burnt in clumps. The best bricks are arranged in a kind of oven, open at the top, called a kiln, and a fire is lighted underneath. When bricks are burned in clumps, they are arranged in long masses, of about a hundred thousand together, with passages between them, in which ashes, small coal and brushwood are placed. The burning in this manner generally takes several weeks.

Mortar is made of lime; and lime is made of limestone, broken and burnt in a kiln, something like a brick-kiln. This lime is then mixed with water and sand. The water causes the lime to fall to pieces, and, mixing with the sand, it thus forms a kind of paste, which is spread between each layer of bricks.

Slate is dug out of quarries in the same manner that stone is. It is split into thin pieces very easily by the slate-maker's tool. The slates generally seen on the top of a house are made by hewing out a

block of slate, about a foot in diameter, and several feet long, and cutting them off one by one by the slater's axe, or knife.

As for woods used in building,—deal is the wood of the Norway fir, and, being cut in that country, is floated down the rivers, and then brought over in ships; oak is the produce of the acorn, and is so well known I need not describe it; mahogany is a very large, tall, tree, which grows plentifully in the West Indies, and in South America, near the Bay of Honduras, and other places.

Iron and lead are used in various ways in or about a house. Both come from mines. The iron is used for nails, cramps, ties, bolts; the lead for covering the edges of the roofs, for making pipes and gutters, sinks and cisterns. Zinc is now frequently used instead of lead. As to the glass of the windows, I have before told you how that is obtained.

HOW A HOUSE IS BUILT.

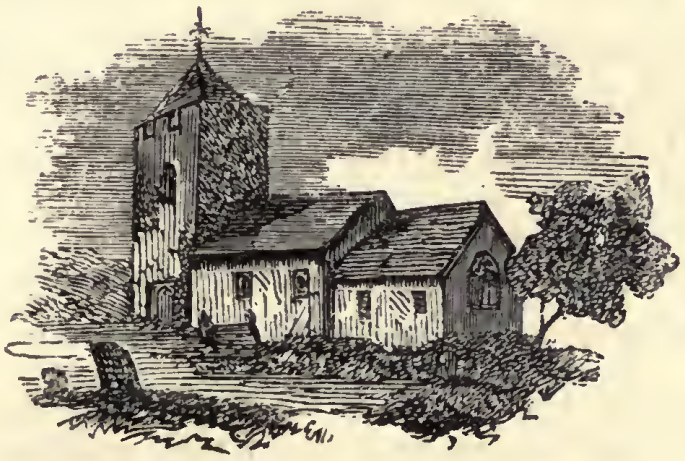
First, a plan is drawn on paper of the house intended to be erected; from this plan, which is handed to the builder, a specification is drawn up, which states the thickness and quality of the walls, the size of the various beams, rafters and planks, with the kinds of wood to be used, the price, quality of the bricks and mortar, the extent of the drainage, the number of layers of bricks in the foundation, and every other particular.

An estimate is then made from this specification; and the builders agree to do the work in such a style, in such a manner, in such a time, and for such a sum. Should the builder's price be accepted, he commences the erection of the house.

The foundation of the walls is first laid, and the drainage marked out. The foundation is made of bricks, laid, perhaps seven bricks wide for the first layer, six for the second, five for the third, four for the fourth, decreasing to the thickness of the wall; which is then carried up from the foot, as it is termed, to the plate, that is, to the part that is to support the roof.

The roof is framed on the ground; every beam is cut and fitted together properly; the pieces are then taken apart again, and, lastly, re-fitted and securely fastened on the top of the house where they are to remain.

The slates or tiles are now laid on, one over the other, like the scales of a fish. The slates are fastened by cement; the tiles hang by wooden pegs. After this, the windows are fitted in; the floors are laid; the staircases made; and the house is finished by the united aid of the glazier, the joiner, the house-paperer and the smith.



Natural History.

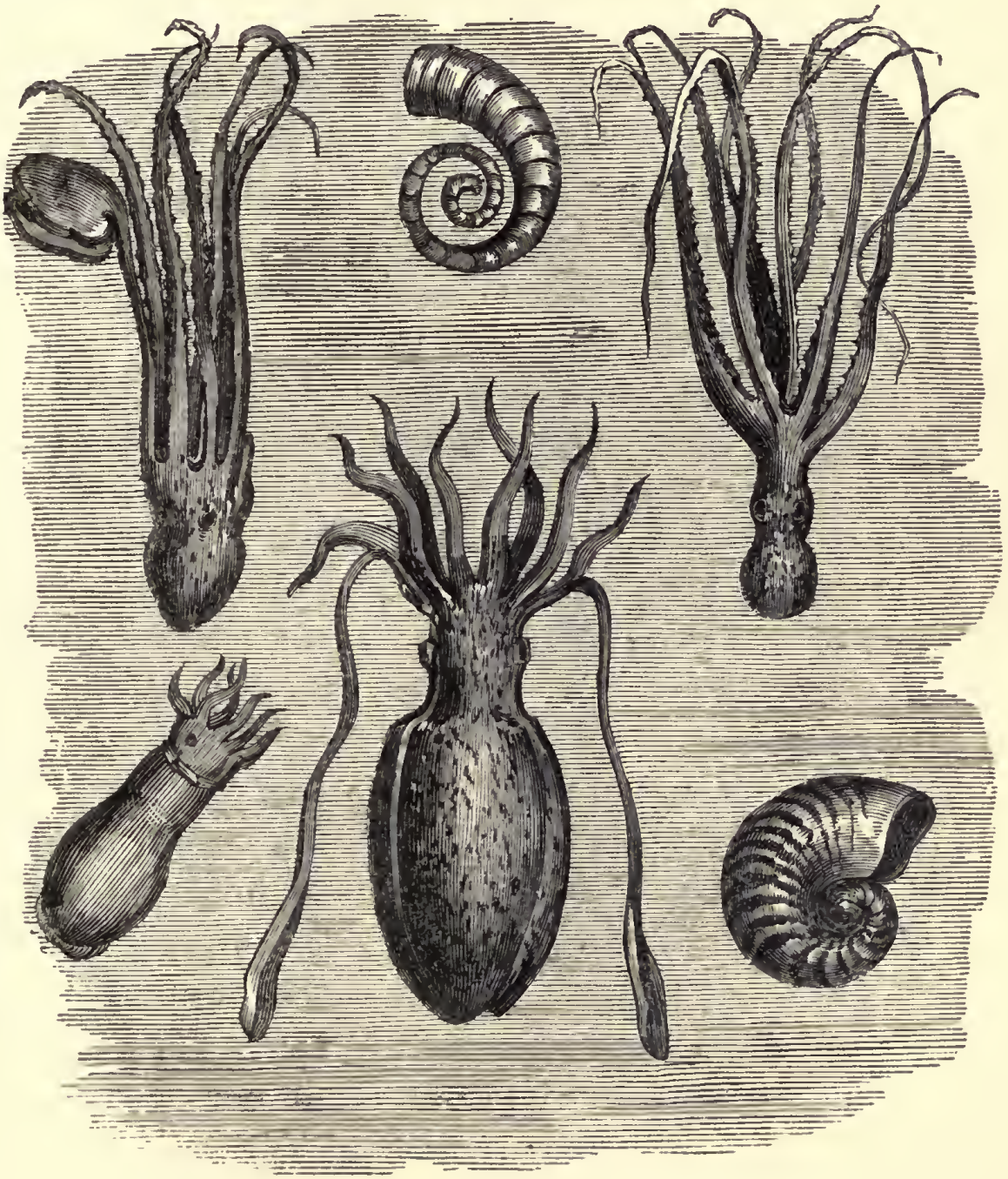
THE CUTTLE-FISH.

SCHOOLBOYS know well enough the article called cuttle-fish; but few of them have an idea of the animal from which this very useful matter is produced; therefore it will be for Peter Parley to tell them something about it.

The cut on the next page represents several marine animals belonging to the genus called *sepia;* this genus is included in the order called *cephalopoda.* I must make a few remarks upon this order.

The *cephalopoda,* as to their outward appearance, may be regarded as made up of two parts. The body consists of a bag-shaped envelope, which holds the viscera and the head, surmounted by jointless arms or feelers. If we consider the fish in detail, we find that the sac, or bag, is, in some species, destitute of any appendage, while

others are furnished with a fin-like expansion. In its consistence it is different in different species; in some it is strengthened internally



along the back, by having ribs, or by testaceous plates, such as that

well known under the name of cuttle-fish bone, a substance formerly much used in medicine as an absorbent, and still prized by school-boys for getting blots out of their copy-books, and still more for tooth-powder.

In other species of these animals the body contains, instead of a bone, spiral shells. In some of the species the head is connected with the body by what may be considered as a neck, but in others this is wanting. Between the head and the bag there is an opening, or funnel, with a projecting aperture, which serves to convey water to the gills, and to carry off the excreted matters.

On the summit of the head is a flattened disk, in the centre of which is placed the mouth, which, in several species, has exactly the form and consistence of a parrot's beak. This is not the only organ in which the resemblance to birds is found; for between the two jaws there is generally a horny tongue, and the gullet swells into a crop, the contents of which are emitted into a real gizzard, fleshy and strong; thus this curious fish very much resembles a bird, so wonderful is creation.

The mouth of this animal does not appear in the woodcut, for the margin of the disk in which it is placed is surrounded by the arms or feelers, which are usually eight properly, as in our specimen; but most of the species are also furnished with two organs of similar structure, but larger dimensions, which have been called the feet.

Both the arms and feet are covered with numerous suckers, by which the animals are enabled to seize their prey, and to attach themselves to bodies with great tenacity. The suckers have the appearance of little, round hollow buttons, as in the engraving. They are arranged in rows, of which there are one or two on each limb,

according to the species, the axis of which arm is furnished with a nerve and an artery.

The eyes of the cephalopoda are two, one in each side of the head; they are large, and of a complicated structure, evincing great power of vision in the living animal; and remind one of the strange aspect of the mythological head of Medusa, with its writhing serpents.

The animals are furnished with ears; but no organs corresponding to those of taste or smell have been discovered. The sense of touch appears to be extended entirely over the surface of the body, and to be developed with peculiar delicacy in the arms and feelers.

Even these animals are endowed with feelings such as ours; they possess great courage, mingled with such discretion and prudence, as to save themselves from designed attack; and they have recourse to a very peculiar manœuvre to surprise their victims and escape their enemies. They secrete a thick and intensely black fluid, internally, which they discharge into the water, to blacken it, that their approach may be concealed from their enemies.

This liquid is a kind of ink; hence, the animal has been called the ink-fish; and the Indian-ink of the Chinese is made from it. This ink, when pure and derived from the cuttle-fish, is an intense black, without an atom of grit, and is exceedingly serviceable to the artist.

All the species of cephalopoda reside in the sea, and are widely distributed, from the arctic circle to the equator. They can rise or sink in the water at pleasure. Some of the species change their colour, like the chameleon; and all of them are animals of a most interesting character.

The size of the cuttle-fish is very various; they are rarely found a foot long in the seas around our shores, but, in the Indian Ocean,

a single arm of one has been met with above thirty feet in length. It is not surprising that a creature of this size should be able to overturn a cone. But the most interesting of all the sepias is the paper nautilus, which I shall now describe to you.

THE NAUTILUS.

THE next page contains a picture of what has been named "The natural sailor of the deep;" commonly called, from the delicate thinness of its shell, the *paper nautilus*. Some authors have thought it might be called with propriety the *Argo nauta papyracea*, as more descriptive of its paper-like structure.

My opinion is, that the present name should be preserved, because it refers to a well-known classical tale; namely, the celebrated expedition of Jason in the ship Argo, to recover the golden fleece, in which all those who accompanied him were called Argonauts:—

> For thus to man the voice of Nature spake:
> "Go, from the creatures thy instruction take;
> Learn of the little nautilus to sail;
> Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale."

To this, according to poetical fiction, (which is sometimes strangely mingled with truth) the art of navigation has been attributed, which was said to have been copied from the skilful management exhibited by the instinctive little sailor inhabiting the argonauta, while steering its frail bark through the trackless paths of the wide sea.

In fine, calm weather, when the sea is unruffled, the argonauta is

said to have been observed gently resting with the keel of the shell

turned upwards, in order, it may be supposed, to present less opposition to its ascent through the water.

How the nautilus is enabled to rise in this manner to the surface of the water has not been explained. There may be a mechanical organisation adapted to this purpose, by which the animal may eject the water from its shell, and by this means being made specifically lighter, rise to the surface.

When the nautilus has risen to the top of the water, it gradually assumes a sailing position. The three tentacular appendages,—in other words, the arms which you observe hanging over the sides of the shell,—serve as so many oars, while in the centre of them two spoon-shaped membranes are elevated, acting as sails, to catch the rising breeze, and thus the pretty little boat is propelled through the water.

You will hardly suppose that such a little animal as the above would be the cause of any disputes in the world, but it has; and sometimes not a little ill-will among naturalists. During a period of more than two thousand years, the question has not been decided whether the animal found in the argonauta is the architect of that shell, or merely a pirate.

Some contend that the animal is a parasitical inhabitant of the argonaut's shell; others, that it was created just in the form we see it; but really I think the question might be easily settled by attentive examination of the living animal. It is said by some that, on examination of the body, the parts where the oar-like appendages work on the side of the shell, are little thickenings of the skin, which serve to keep them from being cut by the edge of it—just as you will observe pieces of leather nailed round oars, to prevent their wearing in the parts which work between the tholes.

Let this be as it may, the argonauta is a very interesting animal. The derivation of the word argo is more uncertain. It is, as I have mentioned, named after the famous ship of Jason. The ship Argo had fifty oars, according to some authors, and a beam in her prow, cut out of the forest of Dodona by Minerva, which had the power of giving oracles to the Argonauts.

Perhaps you would like to hear a few more words concerning these Argonauts. The expedition was made, according to poetic history, by Jason, accompanied with many of the young princes of Greece, to recover from Pelias the golden fleece, or rather the golden ram, which had a golden fleece and wings, and was endowed with the faculty of speech. Jason and his companions sailed from place to place, and at last arrived at Æa, the capital of Colchis. Æetes, the king, is said to have imposed the following conditions upon Jason for the recovery of this strange animal:—

First, he was to tame two bulls, which had brazen feet and horns, and which vomited clouds and smoke, and yoke them to a plough made of adamantine stone. After this, he was to sow in the plain the teeth of a dragon, from which an armed multitude were to rise up. This done, he was to kill an ever-watchful dragon, which was at the bottom of the tree, and from which the golden fleece was suspended. These labours Jason performed, by the assistance of Medea, a sorceress, whom he had married; and obtained the possession of the golden fleece.

Under this fiction, in all probability, is concealed the fact that Jason, an emigrant, went from a country where the people lived by force of arms, to another where agriculture was successfully employed, and by diligently applying himself to ploughing and harrowing (not

with dragon's teeth), and by keeping the birds (not dragons) from the sown corn, he obtained the usual reward of industry, wealth and competence.

We must remember that it is not to arms nor violence that a nation must look for wealth and pre-eminence; but to the sciences, the arts, the manufactures and commerce, and, above all, to the cultivation of the soil. The little nautilus may be taken as the symbol of all this, as well as of navigation; and if I were a king, I would make it my crest, as being of far more significance than winged griffins or rampant lions, or bloody hands, or naked daggers.

Paul Peregrine.

AFTER being thus put in the way of getting her living, my mother got on bravely. She soon went into a larger cottage; after a few months, she purchased a set of washing-tubs; then a set of box or flat irons; then a crimping machine and an Italian iron, for ironing the frills and ruffles; and thus she set up as a professed laundress.

I was sent to school, and soon learned to read; and by the time I was seven years old could read very well. I was very fond of reading about different places and strange travels, and particularly fond of boats and ships. I remember many a time having a fleet of ships full sail in the kennel, though they were only bits of stick and straw, which my fancy converted into brigs, sloops and ships of war.

Then I used to delight to rove about in the fields and woods; and many little snug nooks of retreat had I in various places. There was Primrose Dell and the bower by the old oak tree, and Curious

Crag, as I used to call it; for it was one of those geological wonders which show the various strata of the earth in different positions, with shells and various other matters intermixed.

Not far from this crag was a large expanse of water, formed by an arm of the river, which ran through the country for a considerable distance—how far I knew not. I could stand on its brink and look for a long way, and yet see no end to this piece of water, to me an unknown ocean; and I longed to explore it.

I tried several times, by rambling round the edge of it, to reach its extremity, but was stopped by high banks, or by the trees of the forest, which grew close by the water's edge, or by deep swamps. How did I wish for a boat, to make a voyage of discovery!

After several ineffectual attempts to make a boat big enough to carry me, I at last thought of a washing-tub, and said to myself, "If I can only get one of mother's washing-tubs down to the water's edge, I will have a sail, or a row, or something.

So, one afternoon, when my mother was gone home with some work, I took the largest tub, and rolled it along towards the water-side. The distance was nearly a mile; and I had to get the tub over several hedges and through several fields, before I reached the place of embarkation. At last, however, I did so, to my great joy. It was a delightful afternoon; and the sun shone so softly on the placid waters, and the sky looked so smilingly upon me, that I felt quite overjoyed, and my heart beat quickly, and my very hands trembled with the pleasure I felt.

It was a strange boat—a washing-tub—and a difficult one to launch. I tried several times, after getting in, to push myself off with a stick, but to no purpose; at last I removed my boat to a place where the water set deep in the shore, and, stepping from the bank, seated myself fairly within it.

I soon found a washing-tub a ticklish thing to manage; but as the water was very still, I contrived to keep my seat, and balanced myself very well. The tide set towards the place I wished to explore, and away I went, very slowly and safely, and soon found myself in the middle of the flood.

I looked first on one side and then on the other side of the river. I felt proud at being in the middle of the stream; at last I got into a spot where, from the river being a little narrower, the tide ran a little quicker; and motion being thereby communicated to the washing-tub, it began to turn round and round in an extraordinary manner;

and if I had not often had a ride upon the wooden horses that run round in the country fairs, to the high delight of many a little boy, I should have lost my balance to a certainty.

As it was, I only felt a little giddy; and the stream presently becoming broader, the motion of my frigate ceased, and away I went smoothly again. I now wished for a sail, and blamed myself for not thinking of this before I set off.

On every side the banks of the river were beautiful. I passed by a farm; and, when just opposite to it, through a flock of ducks and geese, which came gabbling and hissing at me, as if they had never before seen a boy in a washing-tub. I was afraid to lift up my hand to frighten any of them, thinking I might lose my balance. They pursued me for a few dozen yards, and then left me.

At last I heard a terrible roaring; and found my boat began to reel again. I looked forward, and saw a watermill at no great distance; the wheel, however, was not going, and I was relieved of apprehension as to being drawn under it. But still I heard a loud, roaring noise, as of water dashing through a sluice, or some such place.

Again I went round and round; I looked forward, however, when I had an opportunity, and presently saw the cause of the noise I heard, which arose from the water of the river rushing through a sluice, to fill the mill-pond, which running out again past the water-wheel at ebb tide, set the mill a-going.

I wished for oars, or sails, or something to keep me from going through this sluice, for I felt sure that the turbulence of the billows on the other side of the narrow channel would upset me; but it was of no use wishing; the tub floated along the stream at a rapid rate—

I held my breath and sat firm, for I was now in the very throat of the sluice.

Away I went like an arrow, safely through the rapids; but the next moment I was carried up and down, up and down, by billows of foam. I held on firmly, but to no purpose; over she went.

I remembered no more after this. When I came to myself, I found that I was in the house of a friend. There was an old gentleman, dressed in black, with grey hairs, standing over me; it was the rector of the parish in which I then was.

I afterwards learned that the old gentleman, having seen me during the latter part of my voyage, had very humanely followed on to the place where the tub went over; having a Newfoundland dog with him, the animal, at his bidding, plunged in, and saved me from a watery grave.

The first thing I asked about was the washing-tub; the next thing was to tell my history, and the narrative of my voyage. It appeared that I had sailed, or floated, a distance of five miles; and everybody seemed struck with my exploit.

The clergyman, who was a very kind man, seemed to be inclined to do something for me; whether he was pleased with my answers, or not, I cannot say; but he said, at last, "Would you like to go to sea, my lad, and fight the battles of your king and country?"

I told him I would rather go to sea than do anything else; that I did not like fighting, but I would not mind to try my hand at it.

"God forbid," said he, "my lad, that you should ever draw a sword, or fire a shot, but in the cause of truth and righteousness. But you seem a smart lad, and fit for a HERO."

I did not then know what a hero was, and I thought it would be

rather impertinent to ask; I supposed, however, it must mean a cabin-boy, or a cook's-mate, or a powder-monkey, or something of that kind, and so I said, "I should like to be a hero, if they were not flogged too often."

The clergyman laughed at this. What he further said and did, and of my next adventure, you shall hear shortly.

My poor mother, whom I would rather have died for than have given any cause of grief, again fell sick, a few weeks after my adventures in the washing-tub. She over-worked herself, poor creature, and caught a violent cold, which took away the use of her limbs. What was she to do? What was I to do? I tried, several times, with the assistance of a neighbour, to fold the clothes for the mangle, and turned it for eight or ten hours together, thinking, that in a few weeks my mother would recover, but she grew worse, and, at last, was unable to feed herself, and had to be fed like a child.

There were, however, many kind friends; both the clergyman and the Quaker visited her very frequently; with their assistance I contrived to support her as well as I could. I was now nearly fourteen years of age, and raised, among my friends, fifteen shillings, with which I bought a donkey, and hired a piece of land for a garden, thinking I would grow vegetables, and then go and sell them. But there was time wanted for the vegetables to grow; and so I took a pair of bags, and went and dug sand out of some of the sand-pits in the neighbourhood, and sold it to poor people, who used to sand their floors with it, for a halfpenny a peck. At other times, I paid a trifle for leave to go into the woods and cut brushwood, which I made into kindlers for lighting fires; for I made up my mind to earn an honest penny, and not to let my mother starve.

We do not know what we can do till we try. I, a boy of fourteen, with a determination to exert myself, and to leave no stone unturned to turn a penny, managed to obtain a living; while a number of idle

fellows, double my own age, were to be seen lounging about the lanes and fields, because they could get nothing to do. Believe me, there is always something to be done, and always a living to be obtained, by resolution.

Besides this, I had several other expedients:—I picked up every bone I could find, every piece of old iron, which I saved, till I obtained enough to sell. Then I collected rabbit skins, and bottles, and broken glass, and old tin tea-kettles; for the veriest rubbish that

could be conceived I found a mart, and managed to get something by it. Now and then I sold vegetables in a barrow.

I must own that this way of life exposed me to many temptations. It very often happened that pieces of iron and lead presented themselves in situations in which I had by no means a right to them; but I said to myself, "Honesty is the best policy!" and, as I always used to say my prayers every night, I was preserved from committing theft.

Honest as I was, persevering as I might be, and, although I entered upon this way of life with the best intention, I found out, at last, that I had lost my character; just as if there was any more harm in going about with a donkey, and selling sand and green stuff, bargaining for bones and bottles, than there was in the merchant buying his spices, or the grocer his figs, or the grazier his cattle, and selling them again at reasonable profits. The world thought there was, and the world had the majority.

I began to be looked upon with suspicion. "Give a dog an ill name, and you may as well hang him!" The truth of this proverb I found out to my cost, for all the dogs in the parish, at last, would bark at me when they saw me; and if, by chance, I entered any gentleman's, or tradesman's, premises, to ask for the bones, or to offer my sand, there was such a terrible barking of the house-dog, as to make me run away before I was hurt. It is of no use to run away afterwards.

Wonders of Geology.

MY young friends, there was a time when the earth we inhabit was very different from what it now is. Before the seas were made, and the mountains were brought forth, it seems to have existed in a kind of gaseous state, and then gradually to have condensed till it assumed its proper form. Rocks were then made from molten matter, by the agency of fire. After this, water seemed to have been a mighty agent in the production of various changes which took place; till, at last, animals and vegetables appeared; and, when all were formed fit for the abode of the human race, man was created in the image of his Maker, to love, to worship, and to serve Him in holiness of life.

In the earliest stages of the earth's history, there was a time when all was a wide waste of water, with, perhaps, the tops of the highest mountains only to be seen. At first, the merest traces of organic life were to be found in a few shells, corals and sea-weeds, and microscopic animals in the sea itself. Soon after, the oceans began

to swarm with polypi, mollusca, the radiate animals, such as star-fish, and other simple kinds of fishes. A succeeding change disclosed extensive regions, covered by a luxurious vegetation, with groves and forests of palms, ferns, and various cone-bearing trees; numerous flowering plants, and many resembling the common mare's-tail of our ditches, only enormously large; most of the plants and animals being different to those we now see.

The next change introduces us to another condition of things; seas, whose waters abounded in fishes of all kinds, and marine reptiles wholly unlike any that now exist; while the dry land was tenanted by enormous terrestrial and flying reptiles, animals of the kangaroo kind, and various kinds of vegetables, resembling the gigantic vegetation of the torrid zone.

As we come nearer to the present order of things, a variety of animals of increased perfection appeared; large terrestrial pachydermata (thick-skinned animals) predominated. The seas, also, contained far more numerous animal productions; and the whole of the earth appeared ready for some mighty event, which was the creation of the order of things such as we now find them, where order, and beauty, and goodness are so manifest.

Such was the order of the geological changes the earth has undergone. But I must say a few words to you respecting some of the more remarkable creatures of the great period of the gigantic animals I have alluded to. The principal of them were named the megatherium, dinotherium, palœotherium, anaplotherium, ichthyosaurus, with iguanodons (or lizards), pterodactyles, and tortoises, all of which have been discovered in a fossil state by various excavations made in the earth, or in exposed cliffs

The largest of these animals was the dinotherium, which was above eighteen feet long. It was an herbivorous animal, holding an

intermediate place between the tapir and the mastodon (see p. 102).

and inhabited fresh-water lakes and rivers. Its lower jaw was four feet in length, and terminated at the extremity with two large tusks, curving downwards, like those of the upper jaw of the walrus, by which it seems to have hooked itself to the bank as it slept in the water. The remains of this animal are found in limestone-rocks and other formations.

Another gigantic animal was called the megatherium, of which a very fine specimen was found near Buenos Ayres. It is nearly as large as the elephant, its body being twelve feet long, and its height eight feet. Its feet were enormous, being a yard in length, and more than twelve inches wide; they were terminated by gigantic claws; while its huge tail, which probably served as a means of defence, was larger than that of any other beast, living or extinct. The form of its teeth proves that it must have lived upon vegetables, and its claws were, probably, used for digging up the roots, upon which it is supposed to have fed. It was of the sloth kind, and seemed to have had a very thick skin, like the rhinoceros, set on in plates, a sort of coat of armour.

There were many other animals belonging to the same period. One of them is called the *fish-lizard*, or ichthyosaurus; it had the teeth of a crocodile, the head of a lizard, and the fins and paddles of a whale. The fins and paddles were very curious, and consisted of above a hundred small bones closely united together. The ichthyosaurus lived at the bottom of rivers, and devoured amazing quantities of fish and other water animals, and, sometimes, its own species, for some of them have been found with small ones in their stomachs.

Another of these fossil animals is called the plesiosaurus, a word which means *like a lizard*. It appears to have formed an inter-

mediate link between the crocodile and the ichthyosaurus; it is re-

markable for the length of its neck, which must have been longer

than that of any living animal. You will observe this animal represented in the preceding cut.

There is another animal also represented in the cut, in the attitude of flying. This was called pterodactyle, or flying-lizard. The skull of this animal must have been very large, in proportion to the size of the body; the jaws themselves are very much longer than its body; they were furnished with sharp, hooked teeth. The orbits of the eyes were very large, hence it is probable that it was a nocturnal animal, like the bat, which, at first sight, very much resembled it in the wings and other particulars, but, instead of a hook at the elbow of its wing, it had a hand, or four fingers with claws. Its food seems to have been large dragon-flies, beetles and other insects.

Besides these animals there were others almost as extraordinary as regards size. One of these was the mastodon, or mammoth, the remains of which are found in England and Scotland. An entire carcass of the mammoth was found some years ago imbedded in the ice, where it must have remained for ages. Cuvier distinguished six species of this animal. In America, the bones of the gigantic mastodon are chiefly found in the neighbourhood of salt-springs, with the remains of stags and buffaloes. It was an herbivorous animal, very much like the elephant, living on grasses and leaves.

Skeletons of the mammoth have been found on various islands in the Arctic Sea. They differ in several respects from the elephant, besides their being found abundantly in cold climates, it is conjectured that the mammoth was a species of elephant fitted to be the inhabitant of cold countries, as a species of wool has been found under the longer hairs, on the skin of the animal. The existence of the mammoth, as a living creature, has been traced to a period

so recent, that it seems to have been one of the last species of animals extinct before man was an inhabitant of our planet.

An enormous reptile, called the great sea-serpent, has, upon dubious authority, stated to have been seen in the Atlantic Ocean. A representation of this is given on the preceding page. It is supposed to have been at least a hundred feet in length, and of a frightful appearance when it rose its head above the water. This is one of the wonders related by American writers. Some of the accounts of it are so circumstantial, that they seem worthy of credit; but, on the whole, Peter Parley is disposed to think that there is no such creature, not because it is so wonderful, but because the descriptions of it contradict each other.

Paul Peregrine.

NOW there was a young fellow, who had once lived next door to my mother, who very often used to throw me a few bones over the high wall of the house at which he resided as servant-man. He used to lodge over the stables of his master's house; and he told me that, as he had sprained his wrist, if I would come and help him to do some work in the stables one night, he would give me a shilling; as I was always willing to earn a shilling, I promised to attend.

It was in the winter, and I helped to clean the horses, and swept up the stables, and wheeled away the dung, and, to my surprise, found it was nearly eleven o'clock. I had seen none of the family, or servants, except Will Thrush, for that was his name, and was about to go home, when my employer said, "Here, Paul, just take the lantern and go into the bleaching grounds; for," said he, "I have just dropped the knife you lent me in among the clothes."

The employer of this young man was a large bleacher and scourer of hempen cloth, which used to be, at that period, stretched on poles and lines, in long slips, over a considerable space of ground, for the purpose of bleaching it. When I reached the spot to look for my knife, I found some of the cloth in bundles, tied up ready to take away; and, at the moment I was, by the aid of the lantern, groping for my knife, three men rushed upon me; one, with a blow, struck me on the head, so that I fell down senseless.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself in a strange place; at last I thought I heard a noise; I listened;—all was dark. At last, as the morning broke, I heard voices; they were those of boys who had begun to assemble at an early hour round the Cage, in which, alas, I found myself a prisoner.

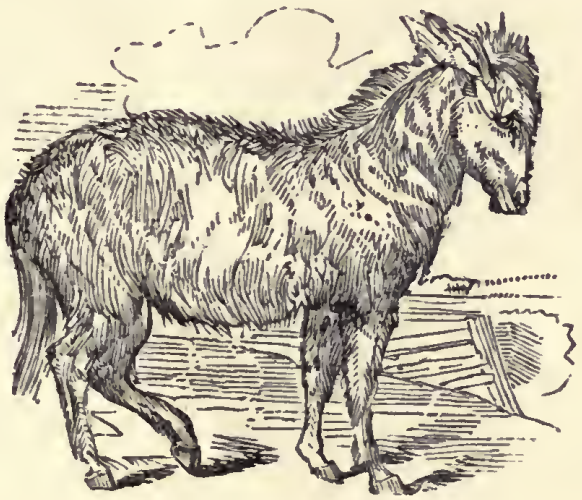
Well, I was taken before the magistrate; my knife, which was found in the bleaching-ground, the bundles of cloth, ready cut and tied up to be taken away, were produced. In vain I told my story, which was considered a lame excuse for my crime. I was committed for trial, and again sent back to prison.

While in prison, I came into contact with a great number of lads and hardened villains. At first I shuddered at their conversation: they related a great many accounts of their exploits, and seemed to glory in them. They thought themselves the victims of society, and that they had as much right to steal as others had to trade; that everything that the earth contained was as much theirs as any other person's; and I really believe I should have fallen into their way of thinking, had it not been for the visits of the good old Quaker and the clergyman.

To them I would have opened my heart, but the proofs were too

strong against me. They verily believed I was guilty of the crime laid to my charge, and gave me to understand that I should have to die for the offence; but I did not care for that, I was innocent, God knew that I was innocent, and I felt that were I to die I should not perish everlastingly. But when I thought of my poor mother, crying like a child, and of what I knew must be her sufferings with regard to me, I wept again and again.

I thought, too, of my poor Neddy, which had so faithfully done all my work, and so patiently borne the loads I placed on his back; aye, and it came home to me—many a blow that I had given him



in the moment of anger; and when I thought of the poor creature, I would have given a great deal to have seen him, for, next to my dear mother, I felt I loved my donkey.

The trial came—it was a very short one; I remember it came on the first thing in the morning, as soon as the court was met. The judge, I believe, was reading the newspaper part of the time; I am sure several of the council were. I was found guilty, and then taken

back to prison. In a few days I learned my sentence, it was transportation for life.

I believe I owed my escape from an ignominious death to the clergyman and the Quaker, who made great exertions for me; and, although they believed me guilty, they could feel for me. They came several times to see me, and, when the day arrived for my being carried off, came with a message from my mother. They said

they should befriend her, although I had deceived them; and gave me a small pocket-bible, and a few shillings in money; they then bade me farewell.

The next morning I was chained by the leg to a long chain, which

also held several others convicted of heinous crimes, and drafted on board a sloop, which took us to London. We were then taken on board the hulks to await our final destination.

I expected to have been sent abroad immediately to the new place found for convicts, Botany Bay, but was detained at Woolwich for several months, during which time I would never part with my Bible, which I used to read night and morning, and I can assure you that it made me very happy. I felt that out of evil God could bring forth good, just as out of darkness He brought forth light.

One morning, when I felt exceedingly dull and unhappy, and had, notwithstanding, almost felt ready to despair, I was surprised at seeing a person I well knew among a new company of convicts; from him I learned much about my native town, my dear parent, and my poor donkey, and was surprised to learn that the donkey had been purchased by Thrush, the young man who, I verily believe, prepared the snare for me into which I fell.

I learned that he had been dismissed from his place, and had taken up my trade, and was then carrying it on with my own donkey. "Well," thought I, "this is indeed strange!" And I said to myself, "If poor old Neddy knew what a rascal he had on his back, he would soon upset him."

As I afterwards learned, it appeared that Thrush had really adopted a thieving kind of life, and taken up the sand and vegetable business as an excuse. He had committed many depredations, but managed to get out of them; at last, however, he was caught.

He had determined to commit a robbery on the house of the very clergyman who had been my friend, and, with two companions and my Neddy, waylaid the premises, which they broke into. They

loaded themselves with the spoil, and were stealing off without suspicion. Neddy, however, from some cause or other, proved restive, and they could not get him along. The house had been alarmed; they were pursued; they fired on their pursuers, who fired again, and Thrush was captured.

His trial came on; he was convicted, and cast for death; and then, when lying, as I had lain, in the condemned cell, he thought of me and the injury he had done me, but he could not find it in his heart to tell the truth. At last, however, when he came to the pinioning room, and was having his irons knocked off, he told the chaplain of the prison all about my affair:—that he had cut the linen and tied it up in bundles, purposely left my knife near them, and sent me to the spot that I might be taken.

He was executed; and, after the secretary of state had been written to, and great exertions made by the Quaker and the clergyman, I was, at last, liberated, and went back again to my native town. My mother received me with tears of joy, not so much for my return as because I was INNOCENT.

The Swiss Boy.

THERE was an old man, a very old man, who dwelt in a very wretched hovel, in a country village; he was by no means so poor as he seemed, and, although he often received alms, yet he gave away to others what he could spare from his own scanty store, and pinched himself, daily, that he might have the more to give away.

As this old man was one day sitting on the floor of his cottage, a poor Swiss boy came running, in a state of great alarm; he had been ill-used by a number of the village boys, who had followed him to the cottage, pelting him with dirt, at the same time mocking and laughing at him. The old man got up as well as he could, and took the poor boy by the hand, and, promising that he would protect him, called outside to the boys to stop. The poor lad stood close to the old man when he went to the door, and his young persecutors ceased to annoy him.

"My poor boy," said the old man, "I am very sorry to see you so ill-used, because you happen to be a stranger and without friends here; but these bad boys shall not hurt you any more. Take this sixpence, and go on your way. And you," he said to the mob of children, "stay, I wish to talk to you."

The Swiss boy thanked the kind old man again and again, in broken English, and, putting the sixpence in his pocket, went his way.

The children stood round the old man: they were rather afraid of his large stick, but he did not lay it about their shoulders, as they perhaps expected and deserved, he only desired them to follow him to a log of wood by the way-side, and he looked so kind and good-natured, that they willingly obeyed him.

The old man took his seat on the log, and then said to the boys and girls around him, "You teased and pelted that poor boy because you thought that he was not so good as you are, since he cannot speak your own language as well as you can, and since his sun-burnt cheeks and dark-black eyes show that he came from foreign lands. You would not pelt or laugh at a boy of your own village, who had done no harm to any one, would you?"

"Oh no!" answered the boys; "but that is quite different!"

"Different! is it?" replied the old man; "now, who this poor boy may be I know not any more than yourselves, but I know that it is wrong to despise a person because he does not look and speak exactly as we do, and very wicked indeed to do him harm. You know it is said we ought to love our neighbours as ourselves, and know that our neighbour means not merely the person who lives next door to us, but any one who comes in our way; and to love does not here mean to feel an affection for everybody who comes in our

way, but to be ready to help him. To show you that there are good people in other countries beside our own, and that some Italian boys, at least, deserve to be loved, I will tell you a story about one whom I once knew."

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

During the wars between Italy and France, many poor men, in both countries, were obliged to leave their homes and go in foreign service as soldiers. Among these was a worthy man who lived in the north of Italy; this poor old man had been severely afflicted, he had

for many years had a sick wife, who was confined to her bed with a very painful disorder, and day after day did the poor old man kneel

down by the side of her bed to ask God to spare her to him; but the will of Providence ordained otherwise, and the poor woman died.

After the death of his wife, the old man had no other companion than a favourite boy; they ate together, and slept together, and, during the delightful warm evenings of that country, the father used to go to the churchyard in which his poor wife had been buried, and weep over her grave. Sometimes he would amuse himself by blow-

ing tunes with pandean pipes; to these tunes his little boy, seated on one of the graves, at his feet, would often beg of his father to let him try and play upon the pipes also. In a short time, by listening and practising attentively, the boy learned to blow some tunes, in his turn, very prettily.

These pipes, when he went away, the poor man left with his boy. An order arrived to hasten his departure, so that he had only time

to give Juan, for that was the boy's name, to the care of an old woman who lived near him, and a very curious kind of an old woman she was. He kissed his child, and, with tears in his eyes, told him to be a good boy, and, that he hoped soon to come back and see him again. "Good bye, my faithful Fido," said he, patting his dog, who stood close to him, "take care of my dear child while I am away!" The dog looked wistfully at his master's face, as if he understood the words that had been spoken to him, and licked his hands, as though promising to attend to his orders.

Juan cried bitterly when his father left him; week after week passed on; every night, when young Juan went to bed, he said, "I hope my dear father will be here to-morrow!" Every morning he got up early, and, before he ate his piece of bread for breakfast, he

ran a long way down the road to look for his father, but no father was there; every morning he came back to the old woman's cottage

very sad, and often crying. When he was very low spirited, he would go to his mother's grave, and there sit for hours; and one night he stayed all night, and a raven came and sat upon the grave-stone, and seemed as if it would speak to him, and the bat fluttered by, which made him feel more and more lonely.

In these rambles the dog Fido went with him, and would hang down his head and walk slowly home after him, as if he shared the boy's sorrows; he would stop when his little master stopped, and sometimes point at a bush, as if some good intelligence was to be found beneath its shades; and, when the boy lingered, as it were, in hope, and looked down the long road for his father, the dog would seem to watch with the greatest anxiety and patience.

News came that the war was ended, and that the soldiers would soon return to their homes. Some of the fellow-soldiers of Juan's father did return, and Juan's thoughts were again full of pleasure, in hopes of seeing his father; he could hardly eat or drink, and when he went to bed he dreamed of his father, but still no father came, and the boy began to be as sad as ever.

One day, a soldier who was on his way home stopped at the old woman's cottage and asked for some water to drink. Juan saw that he had a dress on precisely like that which had been given to his father; he whispered to the old woman, "Ask him if he knows where my father is, and when he is coming home?"

"I dare say he is dead," said the man, "for he had many wounds; he was so ill that he could not march on, and I left him at a cottage near Milan; it is a long way from here."

When Juan heard this he did not sit down and cry, for he knew that would do no good, but he bethought himself what he should do.

He was determined to go and seek for his father, but he had no money; he, however, recollected that he had a pair of turtle-doves,

which he had saved from a hawk, and these he determined to sell. He put them in a cage, and set off towards the village; before he

had proceeded far, he met a very nicely dressed lady and a little girl, and immediately made her an offer of the doves for a small sum; the little girl was delighted with the birds, and Juan received a small piece of silver for them, which he carefully put away in a secure part of his dress.

He then went to the old woman and told her what he had done, and that he was determined to go and seek for his father. The old woman told him he was mad; that he would be killed on the road; that it was so far off that he would never reach the place; that he would have to go through forests, over mountains, and among briars and thorns, and that when he got into another country, he would be looked upon as a *foreigner*, and be ill-used and pelted by wicked children, and perhaps have his eyes knocked out, or else his limbs broken.

Notwithstanding all this, Juan determined to set off, and, having put on his round hat, he went towards the stile, which was to be the first step on his journey. Just as he reached it, the young lady to whom he had sold the doves met him, and said, "Little boy, you ought not to go away from home, you will never come back again if you do."

"But my father is wounded and sick, and in the hands of strangers, and they cannot feel so much for my father as I do; I can wait on him better than they can, and, as I have some money in my pocket, and a pipe and a dog, I shall make my way, by God's blessing."

"Well, here is some silver for you!" said the little girl; and so Juan leaped over the stile and began his journey.

He called his dog, which had run over the meadow, while he had been talking; and he said to himself, "I will keep this money for

my father; I will play the tunes which he taught me on this pipe as I go along, and then I shall get a little bread from kind people, and so support myself till I find my father."

This brave child, having resolved what to do, set off. Many days he walked all day long, and very often he slept in the open

air, upon a bank on the road side; whilst he slept, the dog lay down at his feet. Sometimes the people he met did not want music, and sometimes when they did, they only gave him a small piece of bread for his trouble, but some few gave him a little money; he took great care of this, so that when no food was given him he might be able to buy some.

Through all his hardships he was cheerful, and thanked the people for whatever they gave him, whether it was little or much. He always shared such food as he had with his dog Fido; but Juan and his dog led a hard life, and were often without a morsel to eat.

One day, after he had walked many miles and was very hungry, he came to a cottage; some boys and girls were romping on the green near it. Juan, at any other time, would have liked to have joined them in their sport, but now his thoughts were bent on something else. He went up to them, and began to play a tune; the children were so pleased with the music, that they left off their game, and gathered round him.

When he had finished his tune, he asked them if they would like him to play to them any more.

"Oh yes! yes!" cried the children.

"Will you give me a seat, then, for I am very tired?" said Juan.

"Come into the house," said the boys, "and play there!"

"Oh, no!" said the eldest of the girls, "he must not, because of the poor sick soldier."

Juan heard this. "Let me come in! let me come in!" said he, "and let me see the man, for my father is a soldier!"

He could say no more; he could scarcely draw his breath, he was so anxious.

"This must be the cottage the soldier meant," said Juan; "oh, if I could find my dear, dear father, here!" He could not go on speaking.

"Is your name Juan?" asked one of the girls.

"Yes!" said Juan.

"Then, perhaps, you are the little boy the sick man talks so much much about, and wishes so much to see!" said the girl.

"Let me go into the room where he lies!" cried the eager Juan; "oh, do let me go!"

"I must first see if he is awake," replied the girl, "he sleeps so little, owing to the pain of his wounds, that it would be unkind to wake him."

So she went into the cottage gently, and opened the door; she looked in, and, turning round to Juan, put her finger to her lip, and quietly shut the door again, and then walked on tip-toe out of her cottage.

"He sleeps, now!" she whispered; "if you want to see him you must wait."

"Play us a tune," said the children, "and we will ask our mother to give you some supper."

Juan was hungry and tired, but he could not play on his pipe; he sat down on the ground and leaned his head on his hands, his heart beating, and tears gathering in his eyes.

The children looked at him, and said, "Are you ill, little boy?"

"No," said Juan to them, "if I have found my father I am quite well!"

The children then continued their game, and, in their fun, soon forgot the poor little boy and his pipe. Fido laid himself down close to his young master, and went to sleep.

The time seemed to pass very slowly. Poor Juan thought the sick man slept a long time, and he was on the point of falling asleep too, when, suddenly, he heard a voice call from the cottage, "Bring me some drink!" He started up; he knew the voice—it was his father's.

Happy child! he rushed into the cottage, opened the bedroom door, and threw his arms round his father's neck!

His father did not at first perceive it was his own boy that hugged him so closely, but, when the dog Fido leaped upon the bed, wagging his tail and barking with joy, then he knew them both, and he, too, was joyful. "My good child," said he, "I shall soon be well now you have come, and we will all go home together.

He then asked the children to prepare Juan and poor Fido some food. The biggest of the girls went directly to her mother's closet, in the next room, and brought out for Juan a large piece of barley-bread and a bunch of fine grapes; this, with some water, which she fetched from the well, made for Juan, as he thought, the pleasantest meal that he had tasted since he left home.

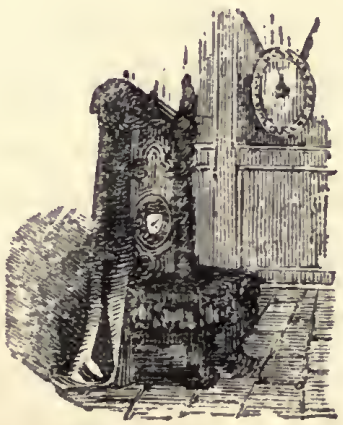
After such a hearty supper, Juan felt refreshed and merry; he

played many tunes upon his pipe to the children of the cottage, and Fido frisked about playfully.

From that day Juan was constantly with his father; he waited upon him, dressed his wounds, watched him while he slept, and talked to him when he was awake: the dog, too, stayed in the room, and slept under the sick man's bed.

In a short time the Italian soldier became quite well; he paid the woman of the cottage for the room she had let him occupy and for the food she had provided him with; and Juan and his father returned home cheerful and happy.

"I have now," said the old man, "finished my story, and I hope you will never again ill-treat a stranger; his being a stranger proves that, in one point at least, he is less happy than you are."



Natural History.

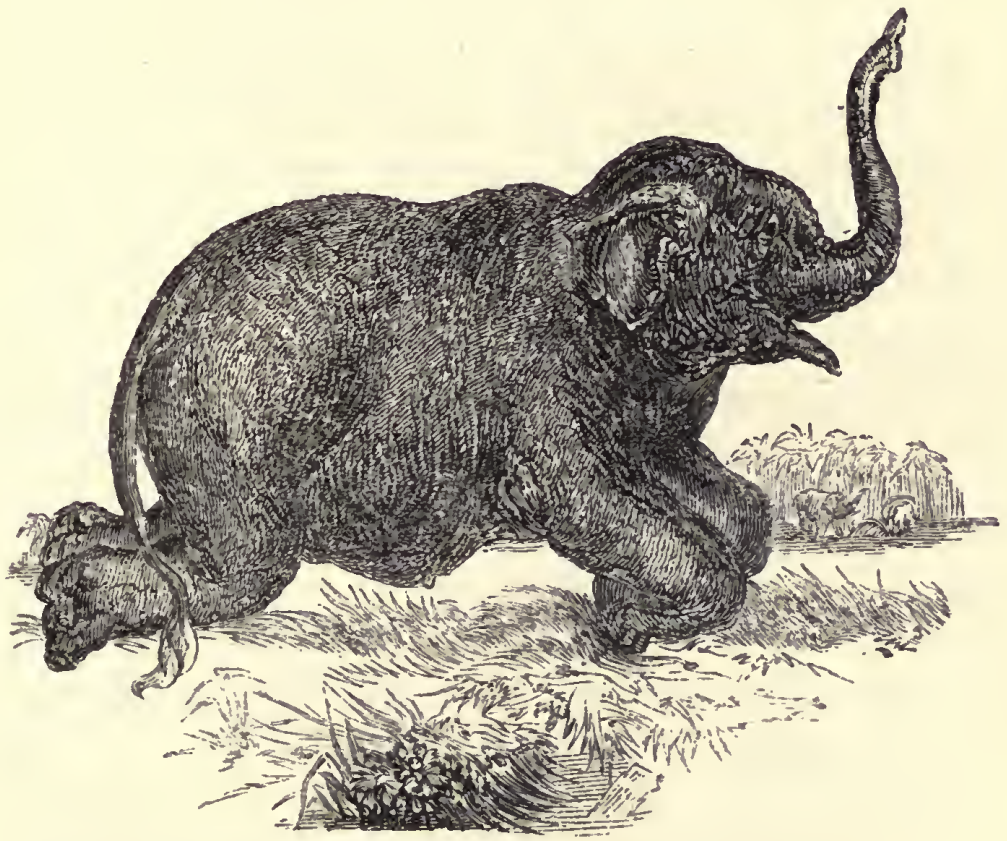
OF THE EXTINCT SPECIES OF ELEPHANTS.

IN accordance with the classification of Cuvier, the elephant is a genus of *pachydermatous* (thick-skinned) mammalia, belonging to the genera *proboscidea*, or animals which have a very long nose, a trunk, or proboscis.

The elephant is a very remarkable animal, on many accounts:—first, in point of size and strength it stands foremost in the whole class of land animals; next, it is remarkable from there being only two living species of it, the Asiatic and the African, although there are several varieties, apparently the result of the climate in which it lives.

There is, however, a third species of elephant, which adds to the interest of the animal; this species is, however, now no more, it is extinct, and no longer dwells upon our earth, and is only known to

have existed from its enormous remains, which have been dug up in various places; these remains are abundant in the northern parts both of Asia and Europe, and some have been found both in England and also in North America.



The fossil elephant *(elephas primogenitus)*, appears to have been somewhat larger than the present race; its body was thicker, and its frame stronger and more robust, as appears from the form and character of the bones. These bones, when dug up in various places, in former times, were sometimes supposed to have been the bones of giants by the ignorant, and sometimes even by the learned; but when one of the tusks of the animal was found, it immediately upset the

theory of the giants; for, although many of these had terrible teeth, according to the legends generally believed, yet the tusks of an elephant, weighing sixty or seventy pounds, must have been rather too large a mouthful for the highest order of giants.

These tusks were found in immense quantities by the barbarous inhabitants of Siberia, and formed an article of commerce, for ivory, for many years; and the remains of the animal itself, although not entire, were so numerous in many parts of that country that they formed large banks, and almost entire islands, in the lower parts of the great rivers, near their confluences with the Polar Ocean. It is but very recently that these remains have been found in an entire skeleton, or that persons sufficiently skilled in comparative anatomy have joined them, bone to bone, in the same relative situations which they must have held during the life of the animal.

A very perfect specimen of the fossil elephant, is one which was cast ashore, frozen in an ice-tomb, upon the north coast of Asia, about eighty years ago. A Tungusian fisherman observed a strange, shapeless mass projecting from an icebank, near the mouth of a river, in the north of Siberia, the nature of which he did not understand, and which was so high in the bank as to be beyond his reach.

The next day the fishermen observed the same object, but could not make out what it was; but, at last, when the ice began to thaw by the hot sun, they could distinctly see that it was the frozen carcass of an enormous animal, the entire flank of which, and one of its tusks, had been disengaged from the ice, and the people came from all quarters of the neighbourhood to look at it.

In consequence of the ice beginning to melt earlier in 1803, the fifth year of its discovery, the enormous carcass became clearly dis-

engaged, and fell down from the ice-crag upon a sand-bank forming part of the coast of the Arctic Ocean. Its flesh was by no means

entirely decayed; the Tungusians took large quantities of it to feed their dogs, and the bears came and feasted on the remainder; but

the skeleton remained quite entire, except that one of the fore-legs was gone.

The entire spine, the pelvis, one shoulder-blade and three legs were held together by the ligaments and by some remains of the skin, and the other shoulder-blade was found at a short distance; the head remained covered by a dried skin, and the ball of the eye was distinguishable; the brain, also, remained within the skull, but was much shrunken and dried up; one of the ears was in excellent preservation, still retaining a tuft of bristly hair; the skin was extremely thick and heavy, and as much of it remained as required the exertions of ten men to carry away, while more than thirty pounds of its hair and bristles were afterwards collected from the wet sand-bank.

These bristles were of great importance in this discovery; they were of three kinds—one stiff and black, and more than a foot in length; another, thinner bristles, coarse but flexible, of a reddish brown colour, and the third was a reddish brown wool, which grew among the roots of the long hair. These afford an undeniable proof that this animal had belonged to a race of elephants inhabiting a cold region, which were by no means adapted for living in a torrid zone. It is also evident that this enormous animal must have been frozen up immediately after its death.

The fossil remains of elephants have not only been dug up in the places before mentioned, but in most of the countries of Europe, and in several parts of Great Britain and Ireland. The mastodon, which I have mentioned before, is also to be considered as a kind of fossil elephant.

Alexander the Great.

YOU will find, in the first volume of PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL, a poem, which bears the title of "How big was Alexander, Pa?" I now wish to say a few words respecting the *bigness* of Alexander, who has been called the great, and whose head on a coin may be seen on the following page.

Alexander was the son of Philip, king of Macedon, and succeeded him at the age of twenty. Soon after he obtained the throne, he fought several successive battles with the revolted Greek states.

On the night of his birth the great Temple of Diana at Ephesus, one of the most wonderful edifices ever erected by human skill, was burnt to the ground by Erostratus, who madly hoped to perpetuate his memory by the incendiary deed.

The first warlike expedition of Alexander was against the barbarians to the north of his kingdom. During his engagements here, a powerful confederacy was formed against him by the Grecian states,

and the Thebans, upon a false report of his death, killed all the Macedonians within the reach of their fury.

Alexander speedily came against their city, took it and utterly destroyed it; six thousand of the inhabitants were slain and thirty thousand were sold for slaves. This dreadful example of severity spread the terror of his arms through all Greece, and those who had been opposed to him were compelled to submit.

A general assembly of the states of Greece was now summoned at Corinth; Alexander, as heir of his father, was made generalissimo against the Persians; and he immediately commenced preparations for the momentous expedition.

Alexander set off with an army of only thirty thousand foot and five thousand horse, and provisions for a single month. He crossed the Hellespont, and marched through Asia Minor towards Persia. Darius Codomanus resolved to crush at once this inconsiderate

youth; and met him on the banks of the Granicus, with one hundred thousand foot and ten thousand horse. The Greeks swam the river, their king leading the van, and, attacking the astonished Persians, left twenty thousand dead upon the field, and put to flight their whole army. Darius was left almost alone in his lofty chariot; he had but just time to get on horseback and gallop away from the battle.

Alexander now sent home his fleet, leaving to his army the sole alternative—that they must subdue Asia or perish. Prosecuting their course for some time without resistance, the Greeks were attacked by the Persians in a narrow valley of Cilicia, near the town of Issus. The Persian host amounted to four hundred thousand, but their situation was such that only a small part could come into action, and they were defeated with prodigious slaughter. The loss of the Persians was one hundred and ten thousand, that of the Greeks very inconsiderable.

After the battle of Issus, Alexander besieged Tyre, but the Tyrians resisted him with great bravery for seven months; at length the city was taken by storm, and thirty thousand of its population were sold for slaves and two thousand were crucified upon the seashore, for no other crime than that of defending their country from an invader. The shocking cruelty of Alexander to this city stamps him with indelible infamy.

Incensed with the Jews for not sending supplies to his army when besieging Tyre, Alexander marched to Jerusalem, resolved upon its ruin. Jaddeus the high priest, and all the other priests of the temple, proceeded from the city to meet him and to implore his mercy. Alexander no sooner saw the venerable procession, than he paid the

high priest all the tokens of profound respect, and left them in satisfaction and peace, without the least molesting the temple or the city.

The whole of Syria had submitted to Alexander; Gaza had followed the fate of Tyre, ten thousand of its inhabitants were sold into slavery, and its brave defender, Betis, was dragged at the wheels of his victor's chariot—an act far more disgraceful to the conqueror than to the conquered.

The taking of Gaza opened Egypt to Alexander, and the whole country submitted without opposition. Amidst the most incredible fatigues, he led his army through the deserts of Lybia, to visit the temple of his pretended father, Jupiter Ammon, where, intoxicated

with the pride of success, he listened to the false flattery of the priests, and, upon the foolish presumption of his being the son of that Lybian God, he received adoration from his followers.

Returning from Egypt, Alexander traversed Assyria, and was met

at Arbela by Darius, at the head of seven hundred thousand men. Peace, on very advantageous terms, was offered by the Persians, but was haughtily rejected. The Persians were defeated at Arbela, with the loss of three hundred thousand men, and Darius fled from province to province; at length, betrayed by Bessus, one of his own satraps, he was cruelly murdered; and the Persian empire submitted to the conqueror B.C. 330.

Alexander, firmly persuaded that the sovereignty of the whole habitable globe had been decreed him, now projected the conquest of India. He penetrated to the Ganges, defeated Porus, and would have proceeded to the Indian Ocean, if the spirit of the army had kept pace with his ambition; but his troops, seeing no end to their toils, refused to proceed.

Indignant that he had found an end to his conquests, he abandoned himself to every excess of luxury and debauchery.

Returning again to Babylon, laden with the riches and plunder of the East, he entered that celebrated city in the greatest pomp and magnificence. His return to it, however, was foretold by his soothsayers as fatal; and their prediction was fulfilled.

Giving himself up still further to intoxication and vice of every kind, he, at last, after a fit of drunkenness, was seized with a fever, which at intervals deprived him of his reason, and, after a few days, put a period to his existence; he died at Babylon on the twenty-first of April, in the thirty-second year of his age, after a reign of twelve years and eight months of the most brilliant success.

His death was so sudden and premature, that many attributed it to poison. Antipater, one of his ministers, has been accused of administering the fatal draught; but it was never proved against him.

In the character of Alexander we shall find little to admire. In the early part of his career he had shown many excellent and noble traits of character, but he met with such great and continual success in all his undertakings, that his disposition was ruined by it; at last he began to think himself something more than mortal, and made himself a god. Yet, so far was Alexander from being a god, that some of his actions were unworthy of a man. One of his worst deeds was the murder of Clytus, an old officer who had fought under King Philip; he had once saved Alexander's life in battle, and, on that account, he was allowed to sport freely with him.

One night, after having become intoxicated, Alexander began to brag of his own exploits, and he spoke more highly of them than old Clytus thought he deserved; accordingly he told Alexander that his father Philip had done much greater things than ever he had done. The monarch was so enraged, that he snatched a spear from one of his attendants, and gave Clytus a mortal wound; but, when he saw the old man's bloody corpse extended on the floor, he was seized with horror. He had murdered the preserver of his own life.

Alexander's remorse did not, however, last long, he still insisted on being a god, the son of Jupiter Ammon; and he was mortally offended with a philosopher named Callisthenes, because he refused to worship him. For no other crime Callisthenes was put into an iron cage and tormented, till he killed himself in despair.

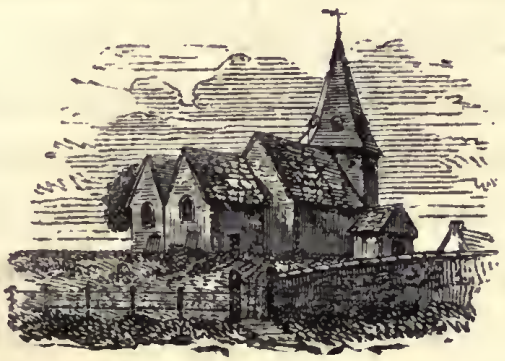
After Alexander's return from India to Persia, he met with a great misfortune—it was the loss of his dearest friend Hephæstion, who died of a disease which he had contracted by excessive drinking. For three days afterwards Alexander lay prostrate on the ground, and would take no food. He erected a funeral pile of spices and

other precious materials, so that it was as costly as a palace would have been: the lifeless body of Hephæstion was placed on the summit. Alexander then set fire to the pile, and stood mournfully looking on while the corpse of his friend was consumed to ashes.

It would have been well if he had taken warning by the fate of Hephæstion, but Alexander the Great was destined to owe his own destruction to the wine-cup—the bane of more heroes than one.

There was once a certain pirate who made great havoc among the shipping of the Mediterranean sea; he was taken prisoner by the Macedonian soldiers and brought before Alexander, who asked him by what right he committed his robberies. "I am a robber by the same right that you are a conqueror," was the reply; "the only difference between us is, that I have but a few men and can do but little mischief, while you have a large army and can do a great deal."

It must be confessed that this is the chief difference between some conquerors and robbers.



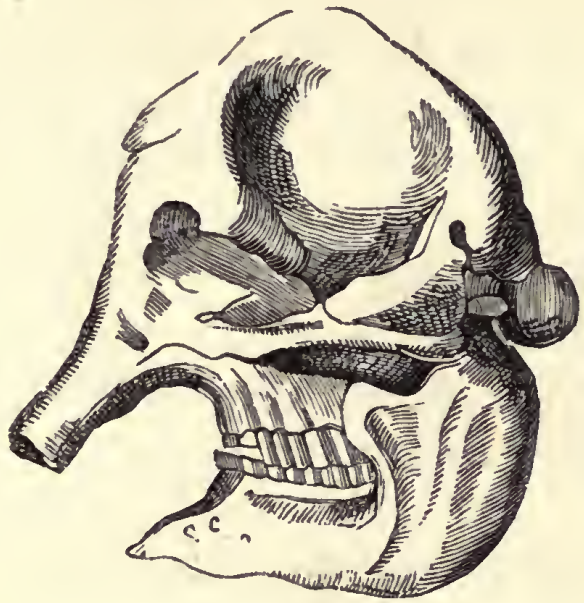
Natural History.

OF THE LIVING SPECIES OF ELEPHANTS.

THE African and Asiatic species of elephant differ in many particulars, but the former is still in a state of nature, and is scarcely known, except as a hunted animal, for its tusks or flesh, or both; an elephant being a feast of many days to the inhabitants of an African village.

The head of the elephant is rather small in proportion to its size; the ears are large and pendulous; the body is thick, compared with its length; its eyes are small but expressive; its legs are very stout and massive; the feet are not divided into toes, externally visible, but there are five short flat nails on each of the four feet; the feet and legs, although apparently stiff and awkward, are not so in reality; the fore-foot can be used in many ways; the tail is slender, and nearly naked for the greater part of its length, but it has a

thick brush at the point; the skin of the elephant is of a dusky black, with only a few hairs scattered over the general surface.



The most remarkable organ in the elephant is the one which distinguishes it from all other animals, namely, the trunk, which, the human hand only excepted, is the most curious mechanical instrument in the whole animal kingdom. The trunk proceeds from that portion of the head which would form the snout of the animal; it is about eight feet long; at its end it has two perforations, which answer the purpose of nostrils; by these it can draw in water, so that the trunk is converted into a drinking horn, and the elephant uses it as such, for, having filled it, he then blows the whole contents into his mouth.

The extremity of the trunk, on the upper side, is formed into a a sort of rounded lip, which bears some analogy to the fingers of the hand; while the under side has a small protuberance, which has the same analogy to a thumb; and so useful is this part of the apparatus,

that the animal constantly makes use of it as a hand. By it he is enabled to pick up a pin from the floor, to draw the cork of a bottle, and to perform other feats equally wonderful.

The body of the trunk is made up of a great variety of muscles with their tendons, amounting in all to not less than four thousand, which is greater than the whole of the muscles in the human body; these muscles are placed in all directions, and so dispersed, that they can move the trunk in every way—to be twisted up, turned down, moved circularly, horizontally, and vertically; and, lastly, they enable the elephant to make this wonderful instrument either longer or shorter at pleasure.

With the trunk the elephant gathers his food and puts it into his mouth, draws up water to quench his thirst, or to sprinkle his body; or with it he collects dust to throw over his back, to prevent the

mosquitos and flies from annoying him; by it he also moves boxes, lifts weights, and does the work of a dozen porters.

Next to the trunk, the most remarkable external character of the elephant is its tusks. These occupy the place of the ordinary canine teeth of animals; these teeth, or tusks, are two in number, and are in both species nearly straight, or curved upwards, as in the fossil ele phant; sometimes having curved upwards, they turn downwards at the end. What might be the use of this difference of structure it is difficult to say, but the tusks are in some fossil animals so constructed, as that they might act as hooks in pulling down substances higher than itself; and as the rivers and ditches were, at that time, covered with tree-ferns, and other palm-like plants, it is probable that the tusks were employed in pulling down the fruits of these plants, in order that the animal might feed on them.

The substance of the tusks is also remarkable; it is not horn, it is not bone, but a substance unlike either, and yet, in some degree, resembling both. The tusks grow in the same manner as the horn of an ox, by a new layer of ivory on its inner surface, for the tusk, like the horn of an ox, is partly hollow. The largest tusks are from five to eight feet in length, and weigh from forty to seventy pounds.

The teeth of the elephant exhibit a mode of dentition (growing) not to be found in the whole of the animal kingdom. The first grinders, or milk teeth, begin to cut the surface within nine or ten days from the birth: these are not shed, as in the case of the milk teeth of other animals, but are gradually worn away while the second teeth are coming forward, and by the time these are full grown, which is about the second year, the body of first ones is gradually worn away, the roots are absorbed, and every vestige of the teeth is obliterated.

When the second teeth are perfected and begin to perform their work, a third set forms in the rear of them, and takes their place as the second set wears away, which generally happens about the end of the fifth year; after this, a fourth set is formed, to follow the third; in the same manner, a fifth, to follow the fourth, and so on, during the whole life of the animal, which, by this mode, obtains a new set of teeth every few years. This process of dentition seems to afford evidence of the great longevity of the animal, although it furnishes no data by which we may be able to ascertain the exact age to which they live.

The teeth of the elephant present four laminæ, or ridges of enamel, in the young animal. These laminæ increase with the growth of the animal, and in mature age amount to sixteen or twenty. From the manner in which they are constructed, they may be compared to a set of irregular chisels placed across the jaw and supported in the intervals by a substance softer than the enamel, and more resembling the ivory of the tusks. Thus they are admirably adapted for cutting and grinding. From the character of the teeth we might know, without seeing the animal eat, that its food was of a vegetable nature.

Elephants are social and gregarious animals. The old and young associate together without the slightest animosity; the oldest and strongest, male or female, generally lead the rest, and the others implicitly follow their motions.

A Parley with Parley.

"DO tell me a story, dear *Peter Parley!*" said one of a group of little listeners who came round me at Shadwell Lodge, near Carlisle, where I was stopping on a visit during the holidays. "Tell you a story, my little dears, what shall it be about? I have told some thousand stories in my time, and, really, am sometimes puzzled what to tell you. What shall it be about, Master Holmes?"

"O let it be something *wonderful!*" said the little boy; "let it be about lions, and dragons, and tigers, about battles, and sieges, and burning mountains, and cataracts, and——"

"Stop, stop, Master Richard, stop, I say; the cataracts would put out the burning mountain, you know; and, as to dragons, I never saw one in my life."

"Why there is St. George and the Dragon, for I saw it on the Queen's carriage the very day of her coronation; I saw St. George

stick the dragon through and through with a long spear. I know there is a capital story about that; I am sure it must be about some noble deed or other, or the Queen would not put the picture of it on her carriage."

"Bravo, my boy, spoken like a little royalist. But still that is a fabulous story, and I never tell fabulous stories; besides, you do not want to know how to kill a dragon."

"Oh but I should like to be strong enough to kill one. If ever a dragon was to set upon me, I would give him such a cut with a sword, if I had one; I do not think he would come at me twice."

"Would you be brave enough to kill an ERROR?"

"A what! an *error!* What sort of an animal is it? Is it an *animal?* I think I have heard the word before!"

"It is a very difficult thing to kill, I can assure you; and it requires more courage than most of us have; killing a dragon is nothing to it!"

"How big is it? Is it as big as a bullock? Is it like a lion, a tiger, or a rhinoceros? Tell me what it is like, grandfather, do, pray do!"

"It belongs to the family of the asses; is a very shy animal, for it cannot bear to be looked at, and is astonishingly dangerous. It is a disagreeable looking thing, too, worse than a toad or a spider; it is very cunning and mischievous, and as spiteful as an old serpent; it is very swift of foot, and, when in great danger, it sometimes rolls itself up in a bundle of rubbish, like a hedge-hog, leaving only its fierce teeth and head out, so that when you go near it to rouse it, you get sometimes sorely bitten, and almost torn to pieces."

"Oh, I warrant you I could kill him when he was rolled up; if

he rolled himself up only like a hedge-hog, I would get my little axe and go right at him at once, and chop him to pieces, as I would this toad!"

"Aye, but you forget that the animal I speak of is much beloved by mankind, and, although it is so hideous to look at in the light, yet in the dark weather, men and women admit him to their houses, think him a perfect beauty, and will hug him to their bosoms, and make a complete pet of him; while, at the same time, he is doing them all the injury he can, for these creatures, when they get hold of a person, generally multiply, till, at last, they drive him mad."

"What a strange animal! I wonder I have never seen one! I should like just to get a sight of one; if I saw him in a man's bosom I would tear him out and kill him; and, if he stood like a giant, I would charge at him with my pike, boldly."

"And suppose the man and all his acquaintances were to rush

upon you with sticks and stones, swords, bayonets, pitchforks, scythes and battle-axes, what would you do?"

"Fight; though it cost me twenty lives!"

"What, fight against a whole houseful of people; perhaps against a whole street, or a whole town, or a whole city!"

"Yes!"

"Then you would be killed!"

"Never mind; better to die in a good cause than in a bad one; we can die but once, you know!"

"Spoken like a true knight errant, and so you ought to ride triumphant, like the boy in the cut; and I only wish the *error* killers were half as numerous as the man killers, for we should then get on bravely."

"Well, I really should like to see one of these strange things you talk about; but can't you tell me a story about one; then, perhaps, I shall know what sort of a thing it really is?"

"I forgot to tell you one of the best ways of attacking this creature. It is not with sword, or pistol, or blunderbuss, or gun, or sabre, or hand-grenade, or congreve rocket, thunderbolts, or gunpowder."

"What then?"

"Why, with a good roar of laughter, which very often puts the thing to flight without any further trouble."

"What, you would make us all laugh, would you; and my aunt Sophia told me, the other day, because I had a good laugh at the story about the man who tried to carry the ass and so got drowned, that it was very wicked to laugh, that I should always look serious, and that I should never read any books that have any fun in them, but only such as are grave and gloomy, such as she calls improving books."

"There he is! catch him! down with him! see, see! Here, lion! seize him! sieze him!"

So saying, with a sudden bound I leaped up. The dog barked; the children scampered, and everybody fell a-laughing.

"Do you see him?" said I to the children.

"What? O, Peter Parley, what can you mean?"

"Why, that great, ugly ERROR! Poor Sophia! Why did you not tell her that was an *error?*—one of those very ugly, dangerous, disagreeable, agreeable, cunning and treacherous animals, that, like a will-o'-wisp, or jack-o'-lanthorn, lead you about in the dark till you tumble into a ditch?"

"Oh! I think I know what you mean, now!" answered Richard, "I see it! I can tell what it means! I know! I know!"

"Then do you really like to see little children laugh and be merry," said Master Robert, who stood listening behind.

"And why should not little girls and boys laugh as well as grown up men and women? I am sure they have not half so much to cry about. I like to see a little boy with the lightness of his heart in the brightness of his eyes, and always cheerful and happy. When a little boy goes to school, I like to see his face as full of pleasure as a May morning; I like to see him run, and skip, and hop, and jump all the way; then, when he 'cons his tasks,' I like to see good temper sparkle in his eyes; when he has said them, I like to see him come out of school with a bounce like the cork from a bottle of champagne.

"'Be merry and wise!' is my motto. If you are wise, you will be merry. I have heard say, 'As merry as a grig!' I do not think, though, that the grig can be very merry, when the skin is pulled over his ears, yet some boys would be merry at that; but that is not the merriment that will do for me.

"To be merry over another's suffering is wicked; to be merry when we should be serious is also wrong! But you know it says, 'There is a time to be merry as well as to be sad; a time to weep and a time to laugh!' I have seen people laugh till they wept; I have seen little boys and girls weep till everybody laughed at them, and they, at last, laughed at themselves.

"There were once two philosophers, one was called the 'crying philosopher,' and the other the 'laughing philosopher;" the name of the first was Heraclitus, and that of the other Democritus—one

wept over the errors of mankind as sins, the other laughed at them as follies.

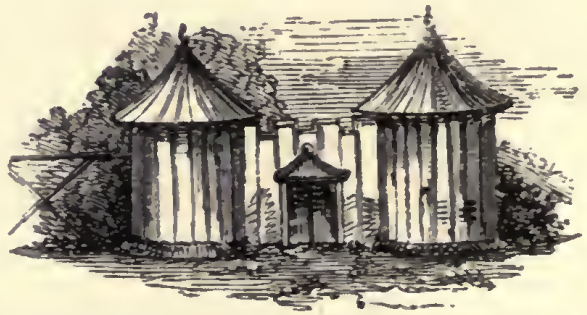
"I wish you to be all philosophers, laughing at that which is really laughable; come, now, a good one—"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"What are you laughing at? I have not begun my stories; I have not finished my sermon yet.

"I wish to make you laugh; I wish to make you merry; 'a cheerful countenance is a good inheritance!' I would rather have a round, rosy, smiling face than all the wealth in the world! A smiling face, though, should be the heart's goodness shining through it; do not think that such a smiling face as I like to see can ever exist with a wicked heart!

"To sum up all:—be good children, or your smiles will be like the light from decayed wood, which arises not from the goodness of it, but from its utter worthlessness! that is the long and short of the matter."



Natural Wonders.

EVERY thing in nature is wonderful; but some things are more wonderful than others. In the earth, in the sea, in the sky, in caves, in rocks, in sands, streams, forests, mines, are wonders innumerable. Of some of these it is my intention to speak.

The picture in the next page represents a natural wonder, called a boiling spring—the geysers—spouting, hot-water springs, situated about sixteen miles to the north of Skalholt, in Iceland; at a great distance from it, but yet within view, is Mount Hecla, which I saw long before I found out the place of the geysers.

It was in the hottest part of July, 1846, that I determined upon visiting this celebrated phenomenon; I went through a cultivated country for some miles, and, at last, came suddenly upon the place, which was seen a little in advance, at the bottom of a hill about

three hundred feet high; I then crossed a bog and a small stream that ran through it, and arrived at the spot.

On the east side of the hill are several banks of clay, from some of which steam rises, in different places; and in others there are

cavities, in which water boils briskly; in a few of these cavities the water, being mixed with clay, is thick, and varies in colour, but is chiefly red and grey.

Below these banks there is a gentle and uniform slope, composed of matter which, at some distant period, has been deposited by springs that no longer exist. The strata, or beds, thus formed, seem to have been thus broken by the shocks of earthquakes, particularly near the "great geyser."

Within a space not exceeding a quarter of a mile, numerous orifices are seen in the old incrustations, from which boiling water and steam issue with different degrees of force. At the northern extremity is situated the great geyser, sufficiently distinguishable from the others by every circumstance connected with it. On approaching this spot, it appeared that a mount had been formed of irregular, rough-looking depositions, upon the ancient regular strata, the origin of which had been similar.

The slope of this latter part had caused the mount to spread more on the east side; and the recent depositions of the water may be traced. The perpendicular height of the mount is about seven feet. On the top of this mount is a basin, which was found to extend fifty-six feet in one direction and forty-six in another.

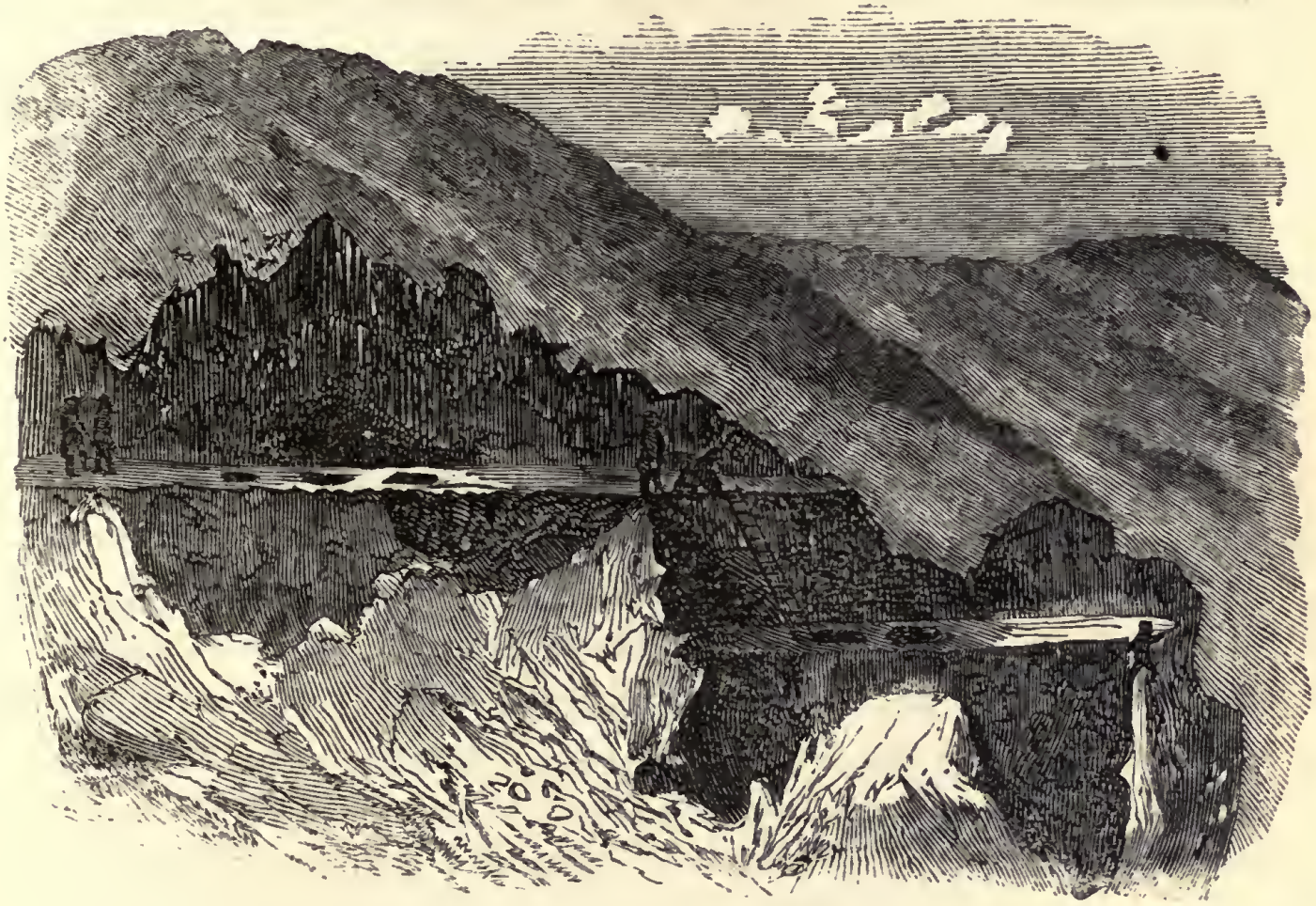
Having thus satisfied my curiosity, I went further, to examine some other places, where I saw some water ascending. Above the great geyser, I came to a large, irregular opening; the water with which it was filled was as clear as crystal, and perfectly still, although nearly at the boiling point. Through it I saw white incrustations, forming a variety of figures and cavities, at a great depth, and carrying the eye into a vast and dark abyss, over which the

crust supporting them formed a dome of an inconsiderable thickness —a circumstance which, though not of itself agreeable, contributed much to the effect of the awful scene.

The remaining part of the morning I occupied in examining the environs of the geysers, and at every step received some new gratification. Following the channel, which had been formed by the water escaping from the great basin during the eruptions, I found several beautiful and delicate petrifactions; the leaves of birch and willow were seen converted into whole stone, and in the most beautiful state of preservation, every minute fibre being entire; grass and rushes were in the same state, and also masses of peat. On the outside of the mount of the geysers, the depositions, owing to the splashing of the water, are rough, and look like the heads of cauliflowers; while at the water's edge the incrustations resemble beautiful Gothic tracery.

Besides wonders of this kind, I have visited many others; amongst the rest is the celebrated Grotto of Antiparos, which is situated in the Ægean Sea, or Grecian Archipelago. It is a small island, about sixteen miles in circumference, and lies two miles to the west of the celebrated Paros; the entrance is in the side of a rock, and is a large arch, formed of craggy stones, overhung with brambles and creeping plants. Soon after you enter you come to a long, narrow alley, surrounded on every side with stones, which, by the light of torches, glitter like diamonds, the whole being covered and lined throughout with small crystals, which sparkle very brilliantly. At the end of this alley, or passage, having a rope tied round my waist, I was led to the brink of an awful precipice, and thence lowered into a deep abyss, and, beneath a roof of rugged rocks, amid a scene of terrible

darkness, and at a vast depth from the surface of the earth, to the brink of another precipice, much more difficult and awful than the former.



Having descended this precipice, I entered a passage, the grandeur and beauty of which I can scarcely describe; it is one hundred and twenty feet in length and nine high, in width seven, with a bottom of fine green, glossy marble; the walls and arched roof are as smooth and polished as if they had been wrought by art, and are composed of a fine, glittering, red and white granite, supported at intervals by columns of a deep blood-red and shining porphyry,

which, by the reflection of the lights, present an appearance very grand indeed. At the extremity of this passage is a sloping wall, formed of a single mass of purple marble, studded with sprigs of rock crystal, which, from the glow of the purple behind, appear like a range of amethysts.

Another slanting passage, filled with petrifactions, representing the figures of snakes and other animals, and having, towards its extremity, two pillars of beautiful yellow marble, which seem to support the roof, leads to the last precipice, which is descended by means of a ladder. The traveller who has descended to the depth of nearly one thousand five hundred feet beneath the surface now enters the magnificent grotto.

This is three hundred and sixty feet wide, and three hundred and forty long, and eighty high; by the aid of torches, I found the whole overspread with icicles of white, shining marble, representing various forms; many of them are ten feet in length, of a proportionate thickness, among which are suspended a thousand festoons of leaves and flowers, of the same substance, but so glittering as to dazzle the sight. The sides are planted with petrifactions, also of white marble, representing trees; these rise in rows, one above another, and often enclose the points of the icicles; from them, also, hang festoons in great abundance, and in some places rivers of marble seem to run through them. The floors are formed with crystals of different colours, interspersed with icicles of white marble, which have, apparently, fallen from the roof, and are there fixed. To these the guides fasten their torches, and the glare of splendour and beauty which results from such an illumination is grand and wonderful.

Many caves exist in various parts of the earth, but none are so

wonderful as these; some extend for a great distance underground. Among the most remarkable of them are those of Gaylenreuth, in Germany; they are from twenty to thirty feet long and wide, formed into irregular arches; nearly all abound in stalactites and stalagmites, and are thickly bedded with bones of various animals. Sometimes a tooth is seen projecting from the solid rock, through the stalactite covering, showing that many of these wonderful remains may here be concealed; and proving that these caverns must have been, in ages past, the dens of wild beasts, or that their remains must have been washed into them by vast deluges of water.

A LESSON IN A CHURCHYARD.

NE sunny noon,—
That noon which children give to sport and play,
And ever seems to pass away so soon
In holiday,—

Upon a grave,
Fanned by the perfume of the light wind's sigh,
A stranger sat to muse, yet seemed to have
A kindly eye.

Although his thought
Was fitting for the scene around him spread,
And all the feeling from his spirit caught
Was from the dead,—

Calmly above
The dead he sat, his eye soft, pale and bright,
Because his bosom was a spring of love—
A well of light!

Children around
Were skipping o'er the graves, in joyous mirth,
And their enraptured heart did seem to bound
From the firm earth.

"Flowrets of spring,"
Said he, "now gambling in such sunny glee,
Come hither! oh, come hither! come and bring
Your hearts to me!

"Come, I will show
You pretty things, and tell you something too,—
Why sweet birds warble, lovely flowers grow,
And sing to you!"

The children came
And stood around, the light of their young eyes
Blending with that more pure and holy flame
Drawn from the skies,

Which his fond gaze
Threw around them, as, in love, he on them smiled,—
That lovely beam of kindness, whose soft blaze
So charms a child.

"Look at yon bird
Soaring to heaven in its enraptured song
Unto its God, its day-note is preferred,
The clouds among.

"Leave earth awhile;
Like him, with heaven's own note your song accord,
Whenever in that old and sacred pile
Ye 'praise the Lord.'

"No place for gloom
Is this, my sweet ones; solemn though the hour,
The grass, the moss that cleaves around the tomb
Put forth their flower.

"Something will preach
From every particle of silent dust,
That GOD is faithful; and our spirits teach
In Him to trust.

"The martlet clings
Around the altar, in her nest of clay,
Till unto brighter climes she gladly wings,
Far, far away.

"And even so
The soul should nestle round religion's dome,
Make it a place in storms and griefs to go,—
Its hearth and home;

"That, when the time
Of its departure comes, it will delight
To leave its clayey nook, on wings sublime,
For realms of light.

"Children, behold!
Behold this beauteous caterpillar! now
Its way is sad and earthy, dark and cold,
Grov'ling and low!

"Now it must creep,
Bound to the earth by nature's sacred ties;
Anon, 'twill fall into a deathlike sleep,
And then arise;

"For, soft and bright,
Within its earthy form, a being lives,
Purer and fairer, more a thing of light,
And *this* survives!

"When turn'd to dust,
The outward husk falls off; then, then it shows
Its second nature lovelier than its first;
In glory glows,—

"Springs up,—awakes
A child of the bright sun, and bids adieu
To earth, and of a heavenlier garb partakes,
And lives anew!

"Oh, semblance sweet
Of man's translation from this dusky sphere!
Who would not learn, and, learning, still repeat,
A lesson here?

"Oh, know you not,
Sweet innocents, that you will pass away,
And that this outward form will fade and rot
In cold, cold clay?

"But yet be sure
Within abides the SOUL, fashioned to soar;
Then, when the world hath perished, will endure
For evermore.

"And, more than this,
Where Christ, the resurrection, is; and life
Will then endure in never ending bliss,
And pleasures rife.

"Around us lie
Sad emblems of death's carnival; the ground
Is thickly sown with gross mortality!
Each grassy mound!

"Speak, stem of DEATH!
But oh, a voice of joy still comes to greet,
And, as the spring time's flower-embalmed breath,
Is pure and sweet;

"For it would tell
Of God's dear promise to the good and just,
To all who in his presence love to dwell
With hope and trust!

"Yes, from the tomb
Of moral worth and Christian loveliness,
Springs a bright flower of sempiternal bloom,
Our hearts to bless!

"'Tis not the high
And solemn act of worship, nor the prayer,
That makes this holy ground; but the memory
Of virtue rare.

"And *this* the dust
Will sanctify, and send a voice around,
When sunlight brightens, or when winds are hushed,
To bless the ground;—

"Will consecrate
Our very hearts, and be a light afar,
Cheering the bosom, holding it elate;—
A beacon star.

"So may we steer—
Our pilot Christ; our chart, salvation's page—
To seek Heaven's port, unsway'd by earthly fear,
Though tempests rage."

The Dog.

THE dog has more sense than most other beasts; he can more easily be taught, and knows many things that are said to him. He has been called the friend of man, for he loves his master so much, and is so faithful to him, that he will scarcely ever leave him.

The dog is also generous and brave; he will forgive his master immediately after he has been beaten, and he will defend him with his life. In the picture on the following page, a schoolboy is defended from his schoolfellows by his dog. The dog's chief delight seems to be to please his master; he watches his looks, is obedient to his call, and is at all times ready to serve him, and very often he will die in defence of his master.

There are several kinds of dogs—the shepherd's dog, the wolf-dog, the hound, the harrier, the terrier, the mastiff, the water-dog, bull-dog, and many others.

The dog in a wild state is fierce, but when tamed is very docile and mild, so that he is made use of by men in all countries. In

England he hunts and guards the house, and in the north of Europe he is trained with others to draw a sledge over the snow, and will go a hundred miles a day.

STORY ABOUT A DOG.

In the north of Europe there are some ranges of very high mountains, called the Alps; they are from ten to fifteen thousand feet

high, and all their upper parts are covered with snow, even in the height of summer. Below is a picture of some of them.

Near the top of one of these mountains, called Mount St. Bernard, is a convent; it stands in the midst of snow and ice; and the monks belonging to it have a very fine breed of dogs, which they train up to go in search of travellers who may have been lost in the snows.

There was a noble English family, once, passing over these mountains, and a snow-storm came on with such violence, that one of the horses, on which a little boy rode, with a servant to take care of him, was hurled from the sides of the mountain into the gulph beneath. The nobleman and the rest of his family giving the son and servant

up for lost, at last reached the convent of St. Bernard, where they told their frightful tale.

The monks bade the father be of good cheer, and said they would go in search of his son. So they took one of their dogs, and, having tied a flask of spirits to his neck, with a roll of cord and bag of food, went towards the place into which the child and his servant had fallen.

It was in one of the deep chasms of the mountain, and the place was so steep and the snow so slippery, that no one could get down; at last, however, they thought they heard the cries of the poor boy. The dog immediately ran down the snowy sides of the mountain, and was at last lost in the snow. The monks waited a long while, and at last began to call the dog, but they could not get him back; so, after waiting a considerable time, one of them went home to the convent, and there he found, at the convent door, the dog with the child lashed on his back, safe and sound.

The servant, when he saw the dog approach, seized the wine and food, and, having refreshed himself, he then placed the child on the back of the dog. The poor boy held fast round the dog's throat, and away he went, bounding over the snows, till he reached the convent in safety.

The servant was soon after saved; cords were sent down by other dogs, and he was drawn up, although nearly frozen to death.

Deaf, Dumb and Blind.

PETER PARLEY hopes that all of his young friends are in possession of their faculties, that they can see, hear, taste, feel and smell, and that they receive perpetual enjoyment in the exercise of their senses. Many, however, are not disposed to be sufficiently thankful for these great blessings, but think little of the gifts God has given them, and too often use their eyes to covet, their tongues to tell stories, and their hands for mischief. Reflect, my young friends.

Some persons have been, and many are at the present moment, deprived of the use of some of their senses; a great number of persons are deaf and dumb, many are blind, but I am going to relate an account of a young person who is not only deaf and dumb, but is also blind. I saw, some time ago, an old woman at the Richmond poorhouse, who was deaf, dumb and blind, but my kind friend Noyce could not tell me much concerning her; she, however, seemed

to have a strong sense of religion; and, although she could not see or hear, her sense of touch was so acute, that she knew how to go about and do various kinds of work, and had very strange foreknowledge of any change of weather; and it was told me by the inmates of the poorhouse, that she always knew when a death took place in the house, although it might be at the most distant part of it. I could not very well examine into the truth of this latter statement.

The person of whom I have a more authentic account is, by name, Laura Bridgman, who was born at New Hanover, in the United States of America, on the twenty-first of December, 1829. She is described as having been a pretty, sprightly infant, with bright blue eyes, but, before she was two years old, she was seized with a violent fever, which lasted seven weeks, during which both her *ears* and *eyes* were ruined, her sense of *smell* almost entirely lost, and her *taste*, consequently, much injured.

What a situation was hers; the darkness and the silence of the tomb were around her! No mother's smile called forth her answering smile! no father's voice taught her to imitate its sounds! Parents, brothers and sisters were, to her, but substances which resisted her touch, but which differed not from the furniture of the house, save in warmth and the power of moving about, and differed not even in these respects from the dog and cat.

Apparently below the brute creation, and resembling the lower animals, who have feelers and the power of motion only, yet there was that within her of which the most sagacious brute is destitute,—God had given her a mind, capable of thought, capable of receiving impressions internally, and susceptible of education.

As soon as she could walk she began to explore the room, and

then the house; she became familiar with the form, the surface, weight and heat of everything she could lay her hands upon. She followed her mother and felt her hands and arms, as she was busy about the house, and her disposition to imitate led her to repeat every action herself; she even learned to sew and knit.

At this time, Dr. Howe, having heard of the child, sought her out, and persuaded her parents to bring her to the institution for the blind at Boston. She was, at this time, eight years old.

For a while she was much bewildered, and, after waiting about two weeks, until she became familiar with her new abode and its inmates, the attempt was made to give her a knowledge of signs, by which she could interchange thoughts with others. It was determined to teach her, not by natural signs, a sign for each object that is, but by letters.

The first experiments were made by taking things in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, etc., and pasting upon them bits of

paper, or labels, with their names printed in raised letters; these she felt very carefully, and then, of course, distinguished that the crooked lines SPOON, differed as much from the crooked lines KEY, as the spoon differed from the key in form. Then she was encouraged by the natural sign of approbation,—patting the head. But it is evident that memory and imitation only were exercised, that the word spoon presented no image to the mind. After a while, instead of labels, the separate letters were given her; they were arranged

side by side, so as to spell spoon, key, book, etc.: they then were mixed up in a heap, and her hand guided to arrange them into different words, till, at last, she was left to arrange them for herself, so as to express the words key, spoon, ring, fork, and such words. This she performed without apparent difficulty.

Hitherto the poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything the teacher did, but now the truth began to flash upon her, and *her mind began to work.* She perceived that here was a way by which she herself could make up a sign of anything that was in her mind and show it to another mind, and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression.

The next step was to procure a set of letters like those before described, also a board with square holes, in which she could place the letters, so that they could be felt above the surface; then, on anything being handed to her—as a pencil, or a watch—she could select the proper letters, arrange them on her board, and read them with her fingers with apparent pleasure. She was exercised for several weeks in this way, until she knew a great number of words, with their meaning; and then the important step was taken of teaching her how to represent the different letters on her fingers. After three months, the following report of her was made:

She has just learned the manual (hand) alphabet, as used by the deaf and dumb, and it is a subject of delight to see how rapidly, correctly and eagerly she goes on with her labours. Her teacher gives her a new object, for instance, a pencil—first lets her examine it and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it, by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers as the different letters are formed; her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changes to a smile, as when she comprehends the lesson; she then holds up her tiny fingers and spells the word; next, she takes the box of letters and arranges them for the word.

At the end of a year she had made a rapid progress. The report says she is fond of fun and frolic, and, when playing with the rest of

the children, her shrill laugh sounds the loudest of the group. When she is left alone, she seems very happy if she has her knitting or sewing, or she counts with her fingers, or spells out the names of things she has learned on her fingers. In this lively self-communion she seems to reason and reflect. If she spells a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation; if right, she pats herself on the head and looks pleased.

During the year she has attained such great dexterity in her mute alphabet, and spells out the words and sentences she knows so fast, that only those who are acquainted with this language of signs can follow her with the eye.

With still greater ease does Laura read the words of her companions, grasping their hands in hers, and following every movement of their fingers as letter after letter conveys their meaning to her mind. When she is walking through a passage-way, with her hands spread before her, she knows, instantly, every girl she meets; if it be a girl of her own age, and especially if one of her favourites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition, and a twining of arms, a grasping of hands, and a talking upon the tiny fingers; there are questions and answers, exchanges of joy and sorrow, kisses and partings, as between children with all their senses.

During the course of this first year, about six months after Laura Bridgman had left home, her mother came to visit her; she stood some time gazing with overflowing eyes on her unfortunate child, who, unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently Laura ran against her and began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her, but not succeeding,

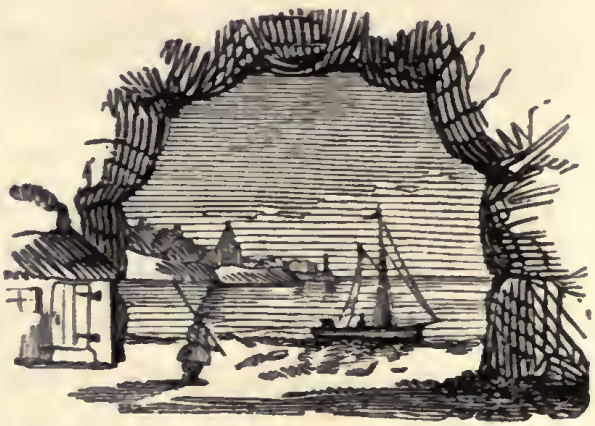
she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt at finding that her child did not know her. She then gave Laura a string of beads, which she used to wear at home; this she recognised, but repelled her mother. Other articles from home were given to her; then she examined the stranger closer, who gave her to understand she came from New Hanover, but still received her caresses with indifference.

After a while, the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind that she could not be a stranger; she therefore felt her hands very eagerly, while her countenance expressed intense anxiety. At last, her mother drew her to her side and kissed her fondly, when, at once, the truth seemed to flash upon the child; all mistrust, all anxiety disappeared from her face, and she threw herself upon her parent's bosom. After this, the beads,

the playthings were utterly disregarded, and her playmates vainly tried to draw her from her mother. The parting, afterwards, was very painful, though Laura showed great resolution as well as affection.

Laura has since learned to write. A gentleman and lady from Europe, who had visited her a year before, came to see her; she felt their dress and recognised them, and wrote with a pencil, "Laura glad to see come."

Such, my young readers, is the force of education; and if it can make so much difference to the deaf, dumb and blind, how much more ought it to make in those to whom God has given the use of all their faculties; and often of very bright faculties, too? Verily, if we *despise or misuse* the talents God has given us, we shall have to answer for it, both in this world and in the next.



THE COTTON TREE.

FAIR befal the cotton tree!
Bravely may it grow,
Bearing in its seeded pod
Cotton white as snow.

Spin the cotton into thread;
Weave it in the loom;
Wear it now, thou little child,
In thy happy home.

Thou hast worn it well and long;
Are its uses past?
No! this well-worn cotton thing
Is a *book* at last.

Sort, and grind, and pulp the rags;
Weave the paper fair;
Now it only waits for words
To be printed there.

Thoughts from God to man sent down
May those pages show;
Blessed be the cotton tree;
Bravely may it grow!

Colonial Produce.

TEA.

TEA is a common beverage with the Chinese, from the mandarin at his banquet to the labourer in the field; it is drunk at all hours of the day, generally cold and without sugar.

In this country, also, tea is drunk by all classes of persons; and the quantity consumed is very great, being above thirty millions of pounds annually.

It was brought to this country about two hundred years ago: the price was, at first, about two guineas a pound. In 1664 a present of two pounds was made to King Charles II., as a great rarity.

The tea-tree grows to the height of five feet; and there are several kinds of it. It is usually cultivated in valleys, or on the sides of hills, near a river or running stream.

The young plants are set about six inches apart, and carefully attended as they shoot up. The young tree requires much care as it grows, to preserve it in health and from the attacks of insects.

When the tree is about three years old the leaves are plucked off; the first gathering is performed in March, the second in April, and the third in June. The leaves of the first gathering are very fine, tender and delicate; those of the second are also of a fine sort; those

of the last gathering are larger and coarser, and sold at an inferior price.

After being gathered, the leaves are dried on small stoves; when the leaves begin to shrink up with the heat, they are all swept quickly off the iron on to a large table and curled by the fingers.

SUGAR.

Sugar is an article well known, used to sweeten our tea, and for tarts and jellies; it is either brown and soft, when it is called moist sugar, or white and hard, when it is called loaf-sugar.

Sugar is made from the sugar-cane, which grows in the West Indies; it is a tall plant, about ten or twelve feet high, and about three or four inches round the stem at its thickest part.

The sugar-cane is planted by small cuttings taken from another plant; they grow ripe in about ten months, and are then found full of the rich sweet juice of which sugar is made. The canes having been cut down, are crushed by rollers in a mill, and the juice is boiled and purified, and then put into large casks and exported.

Loaf-sugar is the same sugar further refined; sugar-candy is another description of sugar, as is barley-sugar, both of which are made by bringing sugar into its liquid state by boiling it.

Sugar used to be made by poor black slaves, who, having been stolen from their own country by wicked men, were forced to work hard, under the whip, like beasts of the field. But slavery is now unlawful, and to steal a man and sell him is made a punishable offence; and English ships are on the look out in various parts of

the world to prevent this horrid traffic. We ought to thank God at all times that we live in a free country, where there are no slaves.

There is a tree which grows in the western parts of the American States, called the sugar-maple, or *acer saccharinum;* it is two or three feet in diameter, and from twenty to thirty feet high. Its small branches are so impregnated with sugar, that they afford support to the first settlers during the winter months, before they are able to cultivate grain for that purpose.

The sweet juice of the tree is procured by cupping: a hole is bored into the tree with an auger, and a spout of convenient length is introduced; the sap flows for a month or six weeks; it is then boiled and refined in the same manner as the syrup from the sugar-cane.

There is another extraordinary tree growing in America; it is called the *cow-tree*, and grows among the most dry and arid rock; it has dry hard leaves; its roots seem to grow on the surface of the stone, and it requires little rain; yet, when pierced, especially at sunrise, it gives forth streams of a rich milky fluid, extremely grateful to the famished Indian.

Another curious tree is called the *tallow-tree*, which grows in China; it is about the height of a cherry-tree, and its leaves are in the form of a heart, of a deep, shining red colour. It has a fruit like a chesnut, and at its heart is a white pulp, which has all the properties of tallow. Some of this substance has been recently imported to this country.

RICE.

Rice is a grain which yields food for the largest portion of the

human race, for a great portion of the inhabitants of the East and West Indies, and the great continents of Asia and that of Africa eat rice as their daily food.

The rice plant is a native of India; from which country it has spread over a great part of the world, especially Asia, where it has been known for several thousand years. The natives of India call it it *dhau*, in its natural state, and, when separated from the husk, *chauwul*.

Rice is sown on extensive plains, through which rivers pass; after it has been sown, the waters of the adjacent streams are suffered to

flow over it; when it is ripe, the water is drawn off and the crop cut down with the sickle; the grain is trod from the husk by cattle.

A ricefield produces a much greater quantity of food than the most fertile cornfield; two crops in the year, from thirty to sixty bushels each, are said to be the ordinary produce of an acre.

Rice is now grown in North and South Carolina, in America, in Italy and the south of Spain, and a little, also, in Germany. Its culture has been attempted in England, and a small crop was raised near Windsor some years ago, but it is not adapted to our climate.

Rice is very wholesome to eat, and might form a larger portion of our food than it does if people would think of it; Europeans in India eat it at breakfast as well as at other meals, and with fish as frequently as with their curries.

Of the kinds imported into England the Carolina is the best, and is grown in the marshy grounds of North and South Carolina. It ought to be sold much cheaper than it is.

One of the most useful of plants in warm countries, after rice, is the *banana*, or *plantain;* its fruit is the shape of a cucumber, about twelve inches long, and the tree produces branches weighing thirty or forty pounds. The fruit is of a luscious, sweet taste, and serves for bread, while its leaves, often eight feet long and two broad, are used for clothing.

The *bamboo* is a native of the torrid zone, and grows from fifteen to sixty feet high; it flourishes wild in many places, but in China and other countries is carefully cultivated. The soft shoots are cut and eaten like asparagus; its large joints are used as buckets, and its stem is used for building, or household-furniture; ships are formed out of it; bows and arrows, water-pipes, pens, baskets and

hats are also made of its substance, while its pulp is formed into paper.

The *bread-fruit tree* stands next in utility to the bamboo. This is found in the islands of the South Sea, and bears a large, rough, roundish fruit, as large as a child's head; inside is a soft, white, bread-like substance, which eats like a new roll. The islanders have little other food, while the other parts of the tree serves them with house utensils, implements and boats.

Natural Wonders.

WATERFALS.

IN the world there are many wonderful waterfals; some of them old Peter Parley has seen; in England there are several, and they abound in the mountainous countries of Scotland and Ireland. The most celebrated in England is the Falls of Lodore, in Cumberland, which falls into Derwentwater; the falls are about eight hundred feet, and the water rushes with great grandeur and beauty over and among a vast quantity of distorted and jagged rocks, with a sublime roar, which may be heard to a great distance. But even this cataract is exceeded in beauty by a remarkable fall of the Tees, on the western side of the county of Durham, over which a bridge is suspended by chains. In Scotland there is also a sublime cataract called the Fall of the Fyers, near Lochness; it is in a darksome glen, of a stupendous depth, the

water rushes beneath, through a narrow gap, between two rocks, and

thence precipitating itself more than forty feet lower into the bottom

of the chasm; the foam, like a great cloud of smoke, fills the air. The sides of the glen are stupendous precipices, blended with trees overhanging the water, through which, after a short space, the waters discharge themselves into the lake. About half a mile to the south of this fall is another, which passes through a narrow chasm, whose sides it has undermined for a considerable distance; over the gap is a true alpine bridge, formed of the trunks of trees, covered with sod; from the middle of which is an awful view of the water roaring beneath. In Perthshire, the river Keith presents a very considerable cataract, the noise produced by which is so violent as to stun those who approach it. The western coast of Rosshire is, however, particularly distinguished by these natural wonders, and it only requires ardour and courage in the traveller to find and enjoy them.

In Switzerland the waterfals, or cascades, are numerous; the Fall of the Staub Bach, in the valley of Lauterbrannen, is estimated at nine hundred feet of perpendicular height; and at about a league from Schaffhausen, at the village of Zauffen, is a tremendous cataract of the Rhine, where that river precipitates itself from a rock, said to be seventy feet in height, and not less than four hundred and fifty feet in breadth.

In Sweden, near Gottenburg, the river Gotha rushes down with a dreadful noise from a very high precipice into a deep gorge, and with such prodigious force, that the trees designed for the masts of ships, which are floated down the river, are often shattered to pieces; they frequently sink so far under the water as to disappear for a quarter of an hour, half an hour and sometimes three-quarters of an hour and then reappear lower down. The pit into which the torrent precipitates them is a depth not to be ascertained, having

been sounded with a line of several hundred fathoms without the bottom being reached.

The cataracts of the Nile are, many of them, very astonishing; the one called, by eminence, the Cataract of the Nile, was visited by Mr. Bruce, from whose relation I give my young readers the following interesting particulars:—

"At the distance of half-a-mile from the cataract the river is confined between two rocks, over which a strong bridge, of a single arch, has been thrown, and runs into a deep trough with great roaring and savage velocity. On ascending, the cataract presents itself amid beautiful trees, and exhibits a most magnificent and stupendous sight, such as ages could not efface from the memory. At the time of Bruce's visit the river had been swelled with rains, and it fell in one sheet of water, above half an English mile in breadth and to the depth of at least forty feet, with a force and noise that were truly astounding; a thick fume or haze covered the fall in every part, and hung over the course of the stream, above and below, marking its track, although the waters were not seen. The river, although so much swollen, preserved its natural clearness, and fell partly into a deep pool, or basin, in the solid rock, and partly in twenty different eddies, to the very foot of the precipice."

The cataract of the Meander, the Scamander of the ancients, is beautifully described by the same traveller.

"Amid the loftiest summits of alpine grandeur we entered one of the sublimest natural amphitheatres the eye ever beheld; huge craggy rocks rose perpendicularly to an immense height, whose sides and fissures, to the very top, bristled with pines growing in every direction, among a variety of evergreens, shrubs, and enormous plane

trees waved their branches over the torrent. As we approached its deep gulf we beheld several cascades, all of foam, pouring impetuously from chasms in the naked face of the perpendicular rock. It is said that this magnificent cataract continues the same throughout the whole of the year. We entered the caves behind the chasms, whence the water issued, and saw the waters spouting forth in front of us, as a vast glass sheet, while the roar of the descending water was sublime."

In Africa there are also numerous cascades, and the great chain of mountains which runs from north to south, through the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, affords what is called the waterfal mountains. It rushes from the rocks, from a height of a hundred and fifty feet, into a vast basin excavated in the stone. By the side of the stream is a grotto, which runs within the rock to the depth of about forty feet.

The American waterfals are truly sublime, and the falls of the Missouri will first claim attention. This great American river is well known to those who have read my "Tales of Europe, Asia, Africa and America." This river is nine hundred feet wide at the point where it receives the water of the Medicine river, which is four hundred feet in width; the united current then falls over an extended length of falls for nearly a mile, sometimes turned aside by rocks, sometimes separated into distinct portions, broken, distorted, roaring and thundering through masses of rocks, till it is joined by a large fountain, boiling up underneath the rocks, at the edge of the river. Again the river descends over rapids, till, at last, the mass of water expands to about fifteen hundred feet, where it falls in one sheet, over a plain rock, and forms a grand cataract. It again recovers itself, and proceeds over a great variety of lesser falls for

another half-a-mile to the mouth of Porage Creek, having fallen nearly four hundred feet, in a continual series of cascades, for about a mile.

But the crowning cataract of all the American cascades are the Falls of Niagara, of which I have already given a description in another place; but, as it is very interesting, I must again say a few words concerning it.

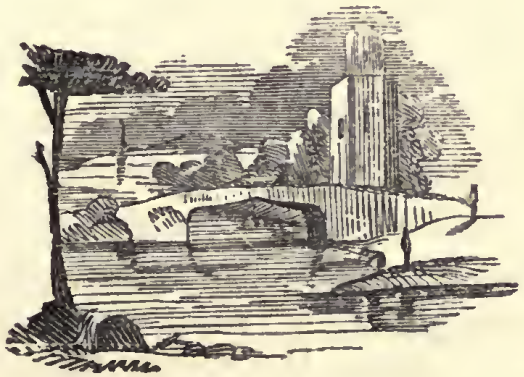
The river Niagara, in upper Canada, rises in Lake Erie, and, after flowing for about thirty-six miles, empties itself into Lake Ontorio; its breadth is nine hundred feet, and its depth about sixty; lower down the stream widens, and the current is strong but regular. At Fort Chippeway, however, situated about three miles from the cataract, the river is violently agitated, and numerous whirlpools are seen upon its surface. As it approaches the falls its speed is increased, until it reaches the edge of the stupendous precipice and tumbles suddenly to the bottom; but exactly at this place the river separates into three parts, by islands, and so there are three waterfals instead of one.

The principal of these is called the Great, or Horse-shoe Fall, from its resemblance to a horse-shoe in form; and it is larger than the other cataracts; it is computed to be eighteen hundred feet in breadth. Beyond the intervening island, the breadth of which may be about a thousand feet, is the second fall, about fifteen feet wide; and at the distance of ninety feet, occasioned by the second island, is situated Fort Scloper Fall, so called from its proximity to that fort; the dimensions of this cataract is about a thousand feet. The quantity of water which falls through the three cataracts, agreeably to an estimate recently made, is eight hundred and fifty thousand tons per minute.

From an elevation called the Tuber Rock, the best view of the rapids is seen; the spectator also from this spot sees the adjacent Horse-shoe Fall, in all its grandeur. From a cliff nearly opposite to one extremity of Fort Scloper Cataract the falls are seen in a very interesting point of view.

The colour of the water of the cataracts, as they descend perpendicularly on the rocks, is occasionally a dark green, and sometimes a foaming brilliant white, displaying a thousand elegant variations, according to the state of the atmosphere, the height of the sun, or the force of the wind. A portion of the spray resulting from the falls frequently towers above their height, in the form of a white mist, in which the rainbow appears.

Beneath the outpouring mass of water are several caves; and into one of these I went, while the fall of water passed within a few yards of my face and over my head; the noise nearly stunned me; and when I came out I was wet to the skin.



COURAGE AND HUMANITY.

A SHEEP beside a stream was feeding,
And its little lamb was leading
To and fro, on mossy bank;
There they ate and there they drank.
Joy was in their simple features;
They were pleased and happy creatures.
All the bright and sunny day
That little lamb did skip and play,
And, as the evening dews came on,
Beside its mother it lay down,
Who fondled it with love most deep,
Till lamb and dam fell fast asleep.

A little boy, not nine years old,
Passed by them, as the curfew toll'd,
And saw them lying thus together,
On the soft and blooming heather.
He looked on one, then on the other:
"Ah!" said he, "just like my mother
That sheep does love its little lamb;
Right glad to see such love I am!"
So, on tip-toe he tried to pass,
Without a rustle of the grass.
"Sleep on, sleep on in peace," said he,
"To break such rest would wicked be!"

He passed away, and then a lad
Drew near that gentle pair, who had
A rough and rugged terrier dog,
That oft had worried cat and hog;
"Hiss! hiss!" said he, "hiss! bite 'em boy!"
The dog flew at the sheep with joy.
The little lamb all trembling stood
Behind its dam, who gave her blood
To save her little one from ill,
And butted at the dog, until
He by the throat, in fierceness, caught her,
And to the ground, in struggles, brought her.

The little lamb then wildly fled,
With fright and terror nearly dead.
The lad set on his dog again,
To chase the lambkin o'er the plain;
And soon its flesh, in rage, he tore,
And soon its haunches streamed with gore.
It flies!—he follows, worrying still,—
Now down the valley, up the hill;
At last, while all its muscles quiver,
It plunges wildly in the river,—
The dog still biting, clinging, tearing,
The little lambkin quite despairing.

But see that little boy who stood
Beside that lamb and dam, so good,
And would not even break the rest
That seem'd so peaceful, calm and bless'd;
He hears the cry of that sweet lamb;
He hears the moanings of its dam;

He sees the terrier at its throat
Still clinging, like blood-sucking stoat!
It sinks! it sinks!—he plunges in
And dares the waters to the chin;
He smites the slayer with his hand,
And brings his victim safe to land!

Then followed, soon, a precious joy
For that kind, bold, courageous boy:—
He saw the dam its fondling meet;
He saw the lamb rush to the teat—
By him set from its danger free—
And wag its tail in ecstacy!
The dog had sunk amid the stream,
And would no more alive be seen.
He heard the whistle of that lad
Who set him on, in feelings bad,
He heard him halloo, shout and call,
While on his ear but echoes fall.

That lad now found his dog was gone;
Then on the little boy was thrown
A look like that of murderous Cain,
Enough to pierce his heart in twain,
But that he thought, "I've done no wrong,
And will not fear him, though he's strong;"
And towards him he calmly came,
Not heeding then his eyes of flame.
"Why drown my dog in yonder tide?
I'll make you rue it, now!" he cried;
Then on he rushed, with savage yell,
And wrestled with him till he fell.

They both got up. The one with rage
Still boiling, fain the fight would wage;
The other, with an ashy cheek,
Half trembling, seem'd inclined to speak,
But, ere the words fell from his tongue,
His fierce foe round about him clung,
And many a blow unto him dealt,
And threw him down, and on him knelt;
"Now drown my dog again!" said he,
"I'll teach you thus to injure me!"
This said, he beat him very sore,
Till he could scarcely beat him more.

And now, upon the river's bank,
Almost exhausted, they had sank;
With many a struggle, lug and strain,
Each strove to gain his feet again.
That fierce youth still dealt blow on blow,
And kick and cuff upon his foe.
Now both, amid their struggles, roll
From off a little rising knoll,
Till they plunge, heedless, in the flood,—
One unrevenged, one unsubdued:—
One down the foaming stream is hurried,
The other to the shore is carried.

Now when that little boy did see
The danger of his enemy,
And saw him sink, then rise again,
And shriek and bellow in his pain,
He plunged, to save him from the wave,
As he that little lamb did save;

And now, just in his last despair,
He caught him firmly by the hair,
And braved the billows with his arm,
To save a cruel foe from harm;
With more than human strength he bore
Him sound and safely to the shore.

That wicked youth was tamed at last,
And craved forgiveness for the past,
And took the hand of that sweet child,
And looked no longer fierce and wild;
He saw how cruel he had been,
And felt the greatness of his sin;
He thought of what the lamb had felt,
And then his heart was made to melt.
He wept! that sweet child dried his tears,
And soothed his anguish, calm'd his fears,
And felt that bliss, sublime and high,
To serve and save an enemy.

The Story of a Good Old Lady.

LITTLE ones, I am not going to tell you a love story, in the common sense in which this word is understood, but I wish my young friends to understand what true love is, and that good and holy actions always claim it from every one who has his heart in the right place, as the saying is. Next to my love of little children is my love of old ladies, dear, good, kind-hearted old ladies, who so often

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

Too often, indeed, do I find young persons disposed to sneer at, or to ridicule that very much-abused class of persons commonly called "old maids;" now I have had a very particular affection for this class of persons; it is true, perhaps, that some of them do talk a

little too much; that they are given to scandal now and then; that some of them have many whims; many of them are very ordinary in appearance; but I do not call them "ugly old frumps," as many persons do, and if I discover any foibles or eccentricities in them, I immediately try to discover their virtues; and I do assure my young

friends that I never in my life made a search for virtue in a woman but I was sure to find it somewhere or other. It is quite impossible for a woman to be without some good in her; and it only requires a little ordinary skill to find it out.

There are, also, peculiar characters in the world; some of them, under peculiar circumstances, shunned and contemned by the world, for no fault of their own. I am disposed to be charitable to such persons, and to run counter to the general opinion; the experience of my life has brought me to the conclusion that there is much to be said for every one, though there is very great weakness in human nature; and if we were all to look on the bright side of things instead of the dark, we should find much more satisfaction in affairs than we do.

In my early days I was a Paul Peregrine, and often changed my abode—and various were my changes; it is true that sometimes I did, like a fly, mistake a pitch-barrel for a treacle-tub, and often felt myself unpleasantly situated; as a set off, however, against this, I occasionally found myself hived in a honeycomb; nor was I disposed, in such a case, to quarrel, either, with the working bees, or to find fault even with a drone, one of the eating bees, if he was such as the one I am about to describe.

There is a place north of London called the Regent's Park, and north of this again lie a variety of roads, in which gentility may reside out of the smoke of London; and these northern outskirts of the said London form part of what is called the West-end. In this locality are to found all sorts and conditions of respectable people—the positive, the comparative and superlative degrees.

The respectable people are the lieutenants' and captains' widows,

both of army and navy; common-council-men and their wives; superannuated aldermen, and defunct lord mayors; members who have taken the Chiltern Hundreds; and persons whose pedigree will go through three generations at least, and who, occasionally, use armorial bearings, not of their own, but those of their father or grandfather—perhaps a crest with an initial, or maybe, in some extraordinary cases, a shield with quarterings. Your very respectable people are *living* people, the others are considered as virtually defunct. People who do things handsomely but still seriously and with dignity; who keep their carriage; who sometimes may be found as patrons of a charity school, or figure among the vice-presidents of a literary society or vice-patronesses of a concert; who give and receive parties in a methodical manner, and at stated intervals, and apportion exactly a certain sum for the entertainment of such parties; people of means, who like liveries and chairs in the hall, or passages rather, with their armorial bearings emblazoned, and their letters brought to them on a silver salver. The highly respectable, the superlatives, are whim and fancy people; they sometimes go to Court, once, perhaps, in their lives, and this lasts them for ever, impresses upon them a dignity that even coming occasionally in contact with merely respectable people cannot destroy; they have distant affinities with the nobility, can trace their descent "beyond Charles the First," and are, in fact, the transition rocks between the primary foundation and the common mould. Such people have an atmosphere, a sunshine, a star-light of their own; they live in big houses with a prodigious number of chimney-pots, and keep men cooks.

I had ensconsed myself in the first of these classes. "The widow

of a captain in the royal navy having a house larger than she required, lets a portion of it, furnished, to persons of rank and respectability." So run an advertisement in the *Times*. The house was certainly large for a widow; it had eighteen rooms and other conveniences, coach-house, stable, wash-house, and, I believe, a copper, if not two, in the kitchen besides; I think, I am almost certain, it had a patent kitchen-range; but this is of no importance, my business is more with the inmates. There was the widow, a stout, muscular lady, who used to wear red bows to her cap; two officers on half-pay, who used to mess together; two sisters, between thirty-five and fifty years of age; a literary gentleman, that nobody knew anything about, who had the back parlour and a bedroom full of books; and a Miss Georgiana Selina Huggerstone, of the ancient family of the Huggerstones, and a very ancient lady, being three-score, or thereabouts: she dressed in black, wore a wig, a gold-mounted eyeglass, and carried a prayer-book, a small piece of ginger, a smelling-bottle and card-case in her pocket.

When I first went to this house I thought Miss Huggerstone a curiosity; as my acquaintance increased, I found her to be like one of those carved pieces of antiquity, which we occasionally find in some old house, and which indicate that a noble race once was. She was fair, her eyes blue; and sometimes I used to sit beside her, or rather opposite to her, and endeavour to bring back to my mind's eye that beauty which evidently she once possessed; I used, in my fancy, to fill her mouth full of teeth, plump her cheeks from every wrinkle, lay the lily on her forehead, paint her with the rose, and throw a dash of girl-like gladness into her dimming eye.

Miss Huggerstone was fidgetty—she did not like the fire-irons,

they were of a vulgar pattern; the sofa had glazed chintz furniture, which was cold and comfortless in the winter; the hearth-rug was not such as she had been used to, and it was with her a high breach of etiquette for the servant girl to stir her fire; now, somehow or other, the poor girl had a propensity to give the fire a rake when it looked dull,—she was a lively girl, and never looked dull herself; when she threw the coals on she did it in too masculine a manner, Miss Huggerstone liked them taken out, that is, the large pieces with the tongs and the small ones gently shelved out, whereas Mary used to shovel them all on together, with a noise resembling, to Miss Huggerstone's ears, that of a sack full being thrown into the coal-cellar, with the customary warning, "*below.*" Then, to crown all, Miss Huggerstone being reflective, would sometimes sit and suffer a lump of coal to ignite itself all round, when it would fall into the middle of the grate and threaten to extinguish the fire. Now Mary had a mortal vengeance, always hot, against lumps of coal in this state, and, when she came into the room, would suddenly plunge the poker into the middle of it, as if she was stabbing to the heart some faithless swain, who had wronged her. This was too much for Miss Huggerstone's nerves, and she gently expostulated, and would sometimes sit and sputter before the fire like an apple roasting; and thus Mary, who did not like to be spoken to, had a sort of antipathy to the lady, and sometimes said unkind things. On one occasion, after a verbal encounter over the fireplace, I heard the girl ejaculate, as she went down stairs, partly to herself, partly to me and partly to Miss Huggerstone, "What is she, I wonder? she is only a *state pauper!*"

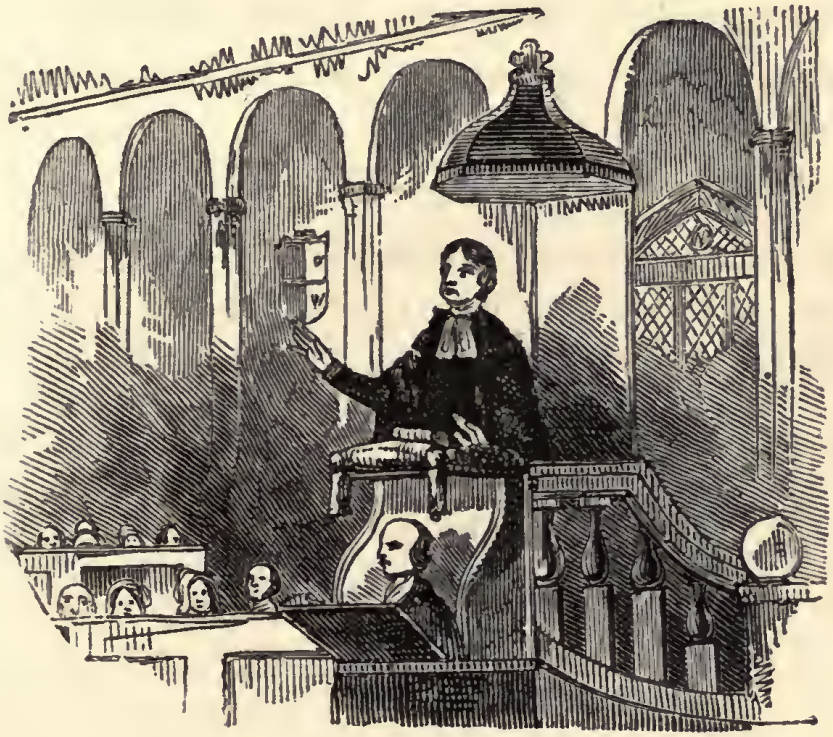
Miss Huggerstone was a state pauper. It would be tedious to

enumerate how I came by all the particulars of her history, nay, it took me some months to learn them, although I used no little tact in ferreting out her secrets. When I learned she was a state pauper, I looked upon her with the most ineffable contempt, I think I did not even speak to her for more than a week. The servant girl had, doubtless, some idea of my liberal sentiments, and did it on purpose to make me hate her, and I did hate her, then I pitied, and, somehow or other, after awhile, I liked and respected her; why shall be shown presently.

I think I said that Miss Huggerstone used to carry a prayer-book in her pocket, and a piece of ginger; but I do not wish it to be understood that Miss Huggerstone was so vulgar as to cram things into her pocket in a higgledy-piggledy manner. She was a very precisian; her prayer-book always rested in a little silk case, being, perhaps, the last vestige of her grandmother's ancient silk petticoat, and the ginger was carried in a little silver box, which had been made on purpose, with a grater at one end, for Miss Huggerstone was somewhat troubled with hysteria and low spirits, and ginger she fancied good for these things; and when the ginger failed, she had a last resource in her prayer-book. In a word, Miss Huggerstone, in all troubles, found consolation in religion.

She was a religious woman—a good churchwoman; every Wednesday and Friday she formed one of those small parties in the large cold church who keep the clergyman in countenance when he reads prayers, and literally fulfil the injunction that when two or three are gathered together,—for it sometimes happened that the good curate, who was one, the worthy clerk another, and the respectable Miss Huggerstone, joining in as a third, formed a party

worthy of Trinity Church, Marylebone. Besides this, which was merely, or might be merely, habit, Miss Huggerstone eat no meat on Fridays; and, what was better, she kept all the fast-days, which appeared to her to be providentially ordained to match her slen-



derness of income. She had, many years ago, read in "Paley's Philosophy" something about compensation—that the length of the elephant's trunk compensated for the shortness of his neck, and that in some quadrupeds the deficiency of food is usually compensated by the faculty of rumination. The fast-days, therefore, were to her compensating processes for her smallness of income; and they were most religiously kept, not, indeed, by an animal, but by a mental, or moral, or spiritual rumination. Then there were the saints'-days, which some people laugh at in the rubric. Miss Huggerstone had,

besides her prayer-book, which she considered the next best book to the Bible; another book, the next best book to it, "A Companion to the Festivals and Fasts of the Church of England, with Prayers for each Solemnity," and this motto: "*Grandis labor, sed grande præmium, esse quod martyres, esse quod apostoli, esse quod Christus est.*" This book had many annotations, in Miss Huggerstone's own hand, and some curious calculations, among which was the following:—

SUMMARY OF FEASTS AND FASTS.

FEASTS.		FASTS.		SOLEMNITIES.	
All the Sundays . .	52	Lent	40 days.	30th January .	1 day.
The blessed Saints		Ember Days .	4 „	29th May . . .	1 „
and Apostles . . .	25	Rogation . . .	3 „	26th June . . .	1 „
	—	Other Days . .	4 „	5th November .	1 „
	77		——		—
	—		51 days.		4 days.
		Fridays	52 „		—
			——		
			103 days.		
			——		

Note.—Feasts not kept, being a single woman. Fasts, fifty-one at sixpence each, 2*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, being 2*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* in addition to my present income.

From this memorandum, which by chance fell in my way, I adjudged Miss Huggerstone to be miserly, and wherewithal somewhat particular. It is quite clear that she kept exact accounts, and worshipped King Charles the First as a martyr. But this was not it. I hinted before that I could have embraced Miss Huggerstone, I do now mean to say that she had captivated my heart; that, indeed, I felt a love for her, such as I had never felt before; that whilst

I admired with the profoundest admiration Miss Huggerstone's opinions, moral and religious; though I beheld in her the last branch of an ancient family, whose pure blood had flowed from the Conquest in an unsullied stream; yet it was not for these that I loved her,—but I did love her; yes, I loved her—in spite of her teeth, I was going to say, but she had none;—but I loved her in spite of her wrinkles, in spite of her age, and, in short, I must reveal the history of my love.

I could never make out that Miss Huggerstone had any relations; she seemed to be alone on the world of waters, like the ark in the deluge; with a desolation around, indeed, but a Providence above. She had but few acquaintances, and these she never saw in my time; but there was one, a delicate, fair-haired girl, of a sylph-like form, and eyebrows of beautiful auburn, rising into a heavenly forehead, like two angel's wings, who used to come once a week, on the Saturday night, and stop till Monday morning, when she departed, and was seen no more till the following week. When she came, Miss Huggerstone shut herself up more closely, and it was only by sudden glimpses, that might be taken when her door happened to stand ajar, that ever I could behold the little being, which would have realised the ideal of many a sensitive leaf, which in this world we call poets. It was by the merest chance that I heard her name—Harriet, and by as great a chance that I found out she was eighteen years of age, and was a governess at a "Finishing Seminary," somewhere near Islington; this came out in the following manner:—

Miss Huggerstone had kept her bed for several days, and had confined herself to large doses of weak green tea, and the Companion to the Altar. The Saturday came and she was no better, the Saturday

night arrived and the little ideal did not make her appearance. Miss Huggerstone had no sleep; in the morning she was evidently worse, too ill to write, and if she had written, there was no post on the Sunday; and full, I suppose, of anxiety about Harriet, she requested a few words with me. I accordingly attended her summons, and Miss Huggerstone, as well as she was able, apologised for her breach of decorum and etiquette in admitting me into her bedroom, and, after some further preliminaries, she begged of me to take a chair beside her, which I did.

"I have, sir," said she, "a request to ask of you; indeed it is painful to my feelings to trouble a stranger, and one of whom I know so little, and to whom I am so little known; but I feel myself very ill, and a young lady who visits me every week has absented herself, from what cause I know not. Would you do me the favour, as I have no one near me to ask but yourself, to go to the place to which this card directs, and make inquiry concerning her?"

"With great pleasure!" I replied, looking at the card:—"Miss Harriet Angerstein, Belle Vue House, Islington."

"Tell her that Miss Huggerstone is very ill, and would see her immediately."

Delighted with my commission, I immediately started for Islington, and with very little difficulty found the place I wanted. It was a large mansion, had been formerly the residence of a gentleman of large wealth, acquired on the Stock Exchange, but his son and successor having passed into the aristocracy by marriage with the seventh daughter of a very poor lord, could not endure Islington, although he left it long before the establishment of the cattle-market. Upon inquiry for Miss Angerstein, I was informed that she had been exceedingly

unwell during the afternoon of the previous day, and was in bed. As there was not the same excuse for a breach of etiquette and decorum in this case as in the other, I was induced to sit down and write a note, informing the invalid of her friend's situation, which I sent up to her. The principal of this finishing establishment was a tall, spare, iron woman, in the blow of whose nose, as it reverberated through the hall, was a sort of dignity. She evidently eyed me with extreme suspicion, her grey eyes passing around me and above me, and I was going to say almost through me; she, indeed, in her behaviour to me, partook of the curiosity and distrust of the cat upon a new article of furniture being brought into an apartment, and smelled me all over with her eyes, and had, I doubt not, formed a whole set of conclusions not very favourable, if I might judge from her manners. There is a very provoking and contemptuous way which some people have found out wherewith to torture a man who is alive to an indignity; it consists in fastening your eyes upon his feet, and, after having rivetted them there for a second or two, to raise them gently towards his head, keeping up the full penetrating scrutiny of trousers, waistcoat, coat, shirt, neckcloth, and wig, or hat, or whatever happens to be uppermost. This annoyance the lady practised with a great deal of success upon me, I, in return, wishing to mystify her completely, asked her if she had seen the paper that morning, and could inform me if Spanish bonds were up.

The lady was petrified.

"You see," said I, "I dabble a bit in the stocks, and I like to know the state of the market. Have you heard of Rothschild's death? Who would have thought that the funds would have sunk so little? Do you know they only fell a quarter per cent? I heard he

was at his last gasp, and sold out twenty thousand, and as I am alive it was not worth the doing."

The lady left the room alone to me.

This was just what I wanted, for I perceived approaching me one of gentler aspect, a middle-aged lady, who had a motherly aspect, very different from the other's. The face of one who has ever had and nursed a little one bears a benignancy which nothing can obliterate; it shines through every feature; it is the sun of time passing through the shadow of our being, and making the cloud turn its silver lining upon our sight. She was, or had been, a mother, for her eyes looked as if they had known the heights of joy and the depths of sorrow; her whole aspect glowed with the full feelings of the heart, and her voice bore traces of those sweet sounds which arise to sooth the infant's tear, and to develope its inborn faculties in a smile.

"Madam," said I, addressing myself to her without apology, "do me the favour to inform me if Miss Angerstein's indisposition is in any degree alarming."

"I trust not, sir; but the dear girl is particularly delicate, and she exerts herself too much; her mind is too much for her body, and her feelings too intense for either."

"And how long has she been with you?"

"Since she was a child. Her story is somewhat interesting; her mother was the daughter of a clergyman, who died in giving her birth; she was, I believe, taken by Miss Huggerstone and placed with my sister when only four years old; since that period she has received her education, and for these last two years she has been the principal assistant we have, and *I* would not lose her for the world."

"And why lay so much stress upon the *I?* Is she not dear to others as to you?"

"I, sir, am a mother; Harriet and my dear Eliza——." Here the lady turned herself round to look at a little bird that was fluttering at the window, as it appeared, but in reality to wipe away a tear starting into her eye. At this moment Harriet entered the room. "Dear girl," said the matron, addressing her, "can you leave your bed so abruptly?"

"My dear Miss Huggerstone is very ill, madam," said she, "I must fly to her, with your permission."

"But consider the day, a dark, raw, November fog; indeed, you ought not to have left your bed." Turning to me, the enthusiastic girl, whose eyes were glistening with tears, said, "Have I to thank you for the communication, sir?"

"You have," I replied, "if doing what is right requires any thanking."

Harriet was now about to rush from the house into the street, to plod her way on foot to the residence of her old friend, but this I would by no means permit, and, rushing out before her, I beckoned to a stand close by, and before the heroine could resist my good intentions, I had handed her into the vehicle, and the coachman drove off at a prodigious rate. What befel us in our journey shall be related in the next chapter.

Natural Wonders.

STAFFA, THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY, ETC.

RANGES of basaltic pillars, of which there are many in different parts of the world, were doubtless formed at a period very remote, and when the mass of matter of which they are composed was in a molten state. In my "Wonders of Earth, Air, Sea and Sky," I have mentioned several of these; in my present volume I shall give my young readers an account of Staffa, written by a friend.

The most remarkable of basaltic columns in the United Kingdom are those of Staffa, an island of the Hebrides, and the Giants' Causeway, in Ireland. The former is about seven miles from Iona; it is an island about a mile long and half-a-mile broad, entirely composed of basaltic matter. The pillars stand in natural colonnades, mostly above fifty feet high in the south-western parts, upon a firm basis of

solid rock; above these, the stratum, which reaches to the soil of the island, varies in thickness in proportion to the distribution of the surface into hill and valley. The pillars are of three, four, or more sides; but the number of those with five or six exceeds that of the others; one of seven sides was four feet five inches in diameter.

I landed on the west side of the island, in a small bay; and here are the first group of pillars. They are small, and, instead of being placed upright, are recumbent on their sides, and form part of a circle. Further on is a small cave, above which pillars are seen of larger dimensions; and a small mass of them resembles the ribs of a ship, as regards their curvature. The whole of this spot is composed of pillars, without any strata above them.

The main island, opposite a place called Booshaa Bay, is entirely supported by ranges of pillars, of large diameter, almost erect. On proceeding along the shore I rounded a point, and all at once the superb Cave of Fingal, as it is called, came within view; a representation has often been given. It is an immense hollow, or cave, in the basaltic masonry, supported on each side by columns; the roof is of basaltic columns, broken off; and so wide is the mouth, that the whole interior is fully lighted, and so capacious, that boats may row into it with the greatest ease. Its length is three hundred and seventy-one feet, and its breadth at the mouth fifty feet; its height is at the mouth above one hundred feet, and the depth of the water varies from eighteen feet at the mouth to nine feet within.

On the opposite side of the island is a cavern called, in the Erse language, *Ou a na scarne*, or, the cormorant's cave. Here the stratum under the pillars is lifted very high, and the pillars are considerably less. Beyond this a bay cuts deeply into the island, on

the sides of which are stages of small pillars, with a stratum between; beyond this, the pillars wholly cease.

The basaltic pillars shown in the cut are those of the Giants'

Causeway, in the county of Antrim, in Ireland. It is a more continuous arrangement of columns than that of Staffa, and consists of many hundred thousand pillars, formed of black basalt. The greater number of them are of a pentagonal shape, of an unequal height and figure.

The Causeway extends nearly seven hundred feet, and beyond that, under the surface of the sea, to a considerable distance. The breadth of the principal range of columns is generally from twenty to thirty feet.

The composition of these columns is very curious: they are not of one solid stone, in an upright position, but composed of several short lengths, nicely jointed, not with flat surfaces, but articulated into each other like a ball and socket, or like the joints of the vertebræ of some of the larger kind of fish; and it is strange, that the articulation of these joints is frequently inverted, in some of them the cavity being upwards, and in others the reverse.

The length of the particular stones, from joint to joint, is various; they are generally from eighteen inches to two feet long, and, for the greater part, longer towards the bottom of the columns than nearer the top, the articulation of the joints being somewhat deeper. They are all so compactly arranged, that a knife can scarcely be introduced between them.

The cliffs, at a great distance from the Causeway, exhibit in many parts similar columns. At the depth of ten or twelve feet from the summit of the Cape at Bengore the rock begins to assume a columnar tendency, and forms a range of massy pillars of basalt, which stand perpendicularly to the horizon, presenting, in the sharp face of the promontory, the appearance of a magnificent gallery, or colonnade,

upwards of sixty feet high; and below this is seen a second range of pillars, from forty to fifty feet high. These two gigantic galleries of pillars, making above four hundred feet of elevation, present a mass which, for beauty and grandeur and stupendous magnitude, cannot be surpassed by any of the natural wonders of the world.

The Battle of the Champions.

JUST after the battle of Otterburn (in the year 1390), known familiarly by the name of Chevy Chase, of which my young readers have read an account, Robert the Second, king of Scotland, died, and was succeeded by his son John, whose name was changed, by the Estates, to that of Robert, and who was commonly called Robert John. He confirmed a truce with England; and the country would have enjoyed peace and tranquillity, had it not been for the domestic feuds of the chieftains, and their wars with each other.

Duncan Stewart, son of the Earl of Buchan, who had died in prison for burning the cathedral of Elgin, one of the finest buildings in Scotland, assembled his followers, under pretence of revenging his father's death, and laid waste the country of Angus. Walter Ogilvy, sheriff of Angus, with his brother and sixty of their followers, were killed in attempting to suppress Stewart's outrages. The king then

gave a commission to the Earl of Crawford to go against the brigands, which he executed so ably, that most of them were speedily destroyed fighting, or taken prisoners and afterwards put to death. The earl being so successful on this occasion, the king gave him a commission against other insurgents, the most remarkable of which were the clan CHATTAN and the clan KAY. The men of these tribes were numerous as well as brave, and noted for the determinate animosity with which they prosecuted their mutual feuds. Crawford, therefore, considering that he was not likely to subdue by force a people so fierce and resolute, resolved to try what he could effect by policy. He accordingly discoursed with the heads of both clans apart, and, after representing the folly of their mutual slaughters, which he demonstrated would be likely to end in the extirpation of both, if conducted as heretofore, in defiance of the king's peace, he told them he would show them a way by which he thought they might be reconciled, with honour to themselves and satisfaction to His Majesty.

The chiefs hereupon desired an explanation. Crawford proposed that they should select thirty warriors on each side, to fight out their quarrel before the king, armed only with their swords; that the conquered party should have a pardon for all offences, and that the conquerors should be countenanced and respected, even by the crown. Both sides expressed their assent, and were well pleased with the terms.

A day was fixed for the fight, and, at the time appointed, the heads of the families, with their respective parties, came to court, which was then held at Perth. A field on the north side of the town, round which galleries were erected for spectators, was fixed as the place of combat. "Hereupon," says Buchanan, "a great multi-

tude was assembled together, and sat to see the contest; but the fight was delayed awhile, because one of the thirty belonging to the clan had absented himself, and the rest were unwilling to engage without having just an equal number with their enemies; neither was any one found ready to supply the place of him that had withdrawn; and of the other party, not a man would consent to be exempt, lest he might seem less valued and not so courageous as the rest; neither would they consent to a withdrawal of a man by lot, lest the best man should be taken. After some little pause, a young man, apparently a tradesman, presented himself to supply the place of the absentee, provided that, if his side conquered, he should be paid down half a gold dollar of France, and his maintenance provided for afterwards as long as he lived. Thus, the numbers being again equal, the fight began; and truly it was carried on with such contention, both of body and mind, as old grudges inflamed by new losses could raise up in men of such fierce dispositions, accustomed to cruelty and bloodshed. But all took notice that none carried himself more valiantly than Henry Wyend, the hireling soldier, to whose valour, in fact, the greater part of the victory was ascribed. Of the side that he was of, there were, at last, ten alive besides himself, but all grievously wounded; while of the contrary faction there remained only one that was not wounded at all. As the odds were so great against this one, and seeing that he should be forced, singly, to fight against so many, he threw himself into the river Tay, which ran by, and, his adversaries not being able to follow him, on account of their wounds, he escaped to the other side. He was, however, followed by a young man, sword in hand, who seemed determined to make the victory complete by his death; and the fugitive was seen, pursued by

this hero through the water, which he took immediately after him, and up the mountains on the other side of the Tay."

The unhappy runaway, sorely discomfited, and sinking with fatigue, after the deadly fight, turned back now and then to look after his pursuer, who, emerging from the stream, made over the heather with the rapidity of a young fawn. The fugitive stopped at last, and, beholding his enemy close upon his heels, while he continued to ascend the mountain, he took up a huge piece of rock, and hurled it with tremendous force towards his pursuer, who dexterously avoided it, and followed with increased speed. For some time the flight and the pursuit was carried on in this manner, till, at last, the combatants came near to each other. "Fly not! fly not! my dear Robert!" the supposed enemy replied, and, pulling off her bonnet, she added, "do you not know your sister?"

It was indeed his sister. She had, with an aching heart, beheld the bloody combat, and determined, if necessary, to run to the support of her brother, whatever might befal him; she had put on man's attire, that she might fight for him, follow him, or die for him.

My young readers must imagine how delightful this recognition must have been, and how much the young warrior felt at the devotion of a sister whom he tenderly loved. He pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her again and again. But, alas, what were they to do? the circumstance of his flight had branded him as a coward. "Better to have died," he muttered, "on the battle-field, than to live with such a blot on my name!"

"Did you not fight manfully?" replied the heroic girl; "had you fought like a coward, I myself would not have followed you. You are no coward, Robert; there is not a braver man in all Scotland; and

that there is not a dearer brother I will prove by following you through hunger and thirst, by breck and brae, through rocky glen and savage heath, and nothing can harm you when the prayers and the love of a sister shall shield you."

"How, how, my dear Matilda," said the young man, overpowered by her devotion, "can your tender feet traverse, day by day, these flinty rocks? How may you live through the savage storms that lay bare the mountains, and make the tough sinews of the gnarled oak but as rushes? You would perish quickly. It is for me to sustain you, my dear girl, and sustain you I will, although I peril twenty lives, and no doubt God will be with us to help us both!"

And now these desolate children of affection knew not where to fly—their home would not receive them, the whole country would reject them—and for awhile they gave way to despondency. At last, however, Robert gained courage, and, having partaken of a dinner of the wild berries that grew scantily among the rocks, they determined to proceed towards Dundee, and thence, if possible, to Edinburgh, and lose themselves in the mazes of that great city.

But the way was long and desolate; courage, however, and ardour, and hope, and religious trust bore them onwards. They directed their steps away from Perth, and travelled on all day, till sunset, when they looked out for some quiet nook, or cleft, among the rocks, in which they might pass the night.

They took their course by the side of a burn, or small stream, which they followed as it ran in tortuous courses among the hills; at

last they came to a spot which, among all the spots in those wild regions, was truly hideous. The mountains, cleft and splintered, yawned, and showed their fanged teeth around them, and the deep fissures on either side of the stream looked like the wrinkles of old time deeply channelled. In this seclusion they heard the hoarse roar of a mill, and, following the sound, they soon stood above a rude mill-cot, having, apparently, but one apartment besides the small cell in which the simple machinery of the mill-wheel did its office.

Upon coming to the door of the hovel they soon found that the mill had long been deserted; the wheel was broken and decayed, a great part of the building had tumbled into the stream, and over the ruins the waters rushed with a savage melancholy; there was no indication of any inhabitants, except that a tame raven was perched upon the edge of the old mill-dam, and, by the bristling of his feathers and outstretched wings, seemed as if inclined to dispute the passage of the travellers.

But neither of these young persons being likely to be daunted by a raven they heeded but little his defiance, and, looking down upon the half-ruined pile, they proceeded as carefully towards a small low door as their wearied legs would permit them. At this moment a boy, accompanied by a small lurcher, rushed from another part of the building, and darted rapidly into the doorway. Robert and his sister as rapidly followed, and immediately found themselves in a small apartment, in which lay on the floor a very old crone, having by her side a lantern, dimly burning, and close to it a small axe.

Seeing the intruders advancing, the old woman rose up hastily, and seizing, with her palsied hand, the axe, brandished it in fierce defiance. "Hoot awa! hoot awa! ye imps of the evil one!" she

exclaimed; "would ye come to torment me before my time? I ha'e given oil to the raven's wing to night; I ha'e given liberty to the frog to croak; I ha'e given a new drone to the beetle and a minion to the bat, and we shall have them all here from the brae and the burn, from the marsh and the moor, from the heath and the

glen; and the bonnie moon shall smile on them, and the owl shall sing them a song; and we will all be merry in the old mill; and we will set the wheel agoing again; and my ane spright 'spickle' shall dance the brave wild fling of the tempests; and there'll be wailing and howling, and laughing and frisking all the neet, till the dawn

smiles sweet; and then all will gang away, like the haze upon the mountains, and I shall be quiet till another year!"

Robert and his sister were strangely perplexed with these words, so fearfully uttered, proving, as they did, that they were in the hut of a daft creature, a poor beldame, and that to ask her for shelter would only be an act of madness. Addressing a few words to her they had but an incoherent reply; but at last Matilda spoke to the lad who had so unceremoniously been the herald of their approach. "Who is this woman?" said she to the boy.

"It's my ane mammie;" said the boy; "she has her fit on her now, but she will be well again when I can see the little thin moon in the sky there. I ha'e been looking for it all the neet and it comes not; but there is a rare thick bit o' cloud lagging o'er the hills, and we shall have some strange people here to-night!"

"Who will come?" said Robert.

"Wha will come? ha! ha!" said the lad. "There will be such company as ye never see afore, and they come to weave the winding-sheets of kings and queens, and to cast the warp and thread the woof of fate; and there will be strange things to be seen. But ye must not ken them; it would put ye daft as mammie if ye saw too much. O if ye see the old fiend come to dance at the wedding of a witch ye would never wish to see the like again, depend on it!"

In these superstitious ages every one had some belief in the power of necromancy, and Robert and his sister were fearfully impressed with what they heard. But their curiosity was no less excited, and, whispering to each other, they inwardly determined to abide the time, and see the end of the strange mystery about to be transacted. So they again asked for shelter from the old woman.

"Ye dinna bide here!" she screamed; "this is no place for ye! ye 'ave too much of the soft silk upon ye, and one of ye far too little o' the beard! Awa wi' ye! awa o'er the heather to the pikes or stickle, and ye may sit there and watch the moon at her rising, and get yer supper out! awa! awa!"

So saying, the old creature brandished her axe with a fearful import, her eyes glared with an unearthly light, and her fierce, fanged teeth, which grinned from her skinny lips, looked terrible.

"Awa! awa! awa!" she continued, raising her voice to the highest pitch of shrillness as she screamed the last syllable; and then she sprang to the doorway, and with all her might and fury drove out the intruders. At this moment Robert drew his sword instinctively.

"What, would ye draw yer sword on an ould woman, whose eye is dim, and whose day is done?" she continued, in a lower tone; "then the curse of the warlocks of Kirkenbrachen be upon ye both, and the old fiend baptise ye with a founder's ladle! awa!"

She raised both her hands high in the air, and, with one foot advanced, and her body stretched upwards to the highest strain, she uttered again, with all the fury of a war-whoop, "awa! awa! awa!"

THE RAINBOW.

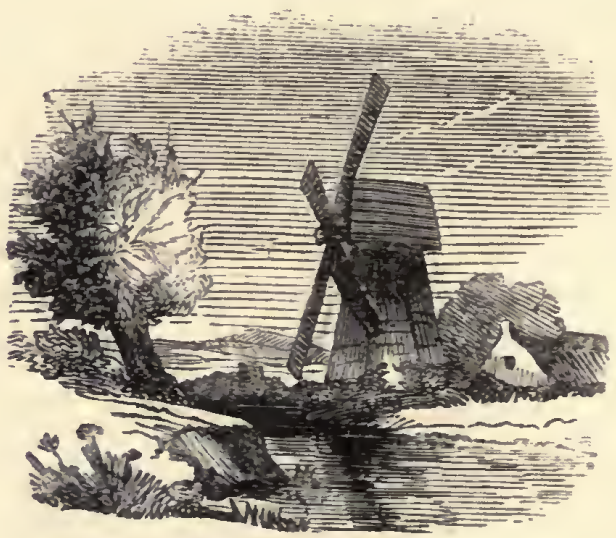
RIGHTEST token of mercy and love,
That smilest when the heaven seems to weep,
And, from the dark storm-cloud above,
Threw first a fair bloom on the deep,
When the deluge was past, and the thunders were dying,
And the dove with her green olive peace-branch was flying.

Oh, beautiful arch of the sky,
Like thee, lovely HOPE still appears,
Given out by some light from on high,
To throw smiles in the midst of our tears,
And with beauty and brightness in grief to illume
The depths of our sorrow and clouds of our gloom.

When the cloud-covered aspect of heaven
Is more gloomy and darksome and drear,
A double display there is given
Of thy image, still lovely and clear,
Like faith to the Christian's heaven-gazing eye,
Increasing in brightness when perils draw nigh.

And thy colours, so happily blending,
A type of that faith seems to be,
Which, although diverse, is still ending
In one bond of love, Lord, from thee;
And, like thy proud pillars, seemed formed to embrace,
In harmonious concord, the whole human race.

Then, O glory and light of the storm,
Whene'er on thy beauty we gaze,
May some token be given to warm
Our bosoms to rapturous praise,
Unto Him whose good spirit in mercy doth rest,
In its beauty and light, on the storm-ruffled breast.



Atmospherical Phenomena.

THE word phenomenon means an unusual appearance to our senses; and there are a great number of proofs that the senses can be deceived, that seeing is not believing, and that if we were to trust to our senses only, we should be deceived often. I have already related a few optical deceptions connected with the atmosphere, and I will now present my young friends with a few others.

In my "Wonders of the Earth, Sea and Sky," you will find the optical explanation of these appearances, but I must here just observe that the rays of light, when passing out of a rare to a denser medium, are bent in a great degree; thus, Dover Castle, which stands on the side of a hill, may be seen from Ramsgate, its four turrets just peeping over the side of the hill, as in *fig* 1; but, at times, the whole seems elevated, as at *fig*. 2, by which the tower as well as the

upper part of the castle is seen; this arises from the rays of light

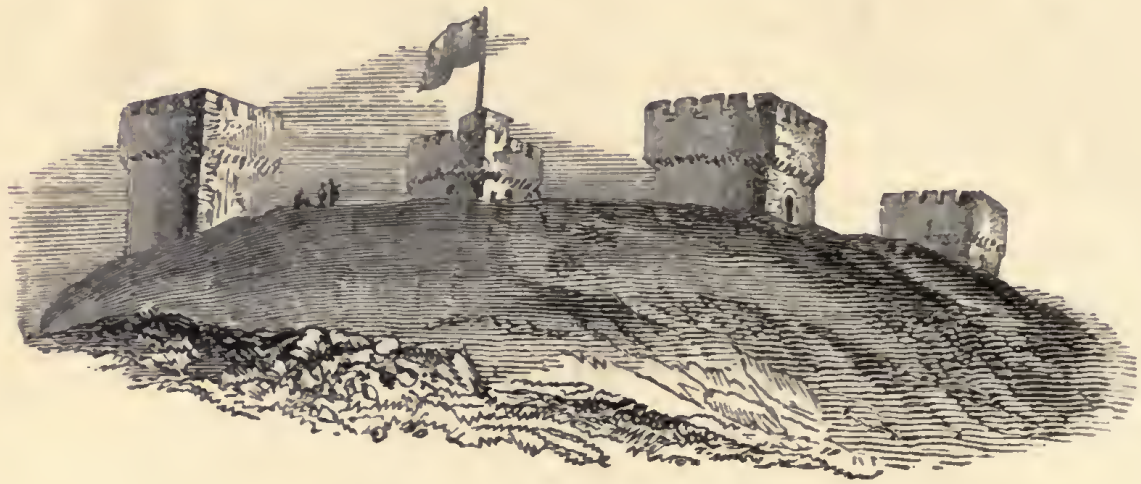


Fig. 1.

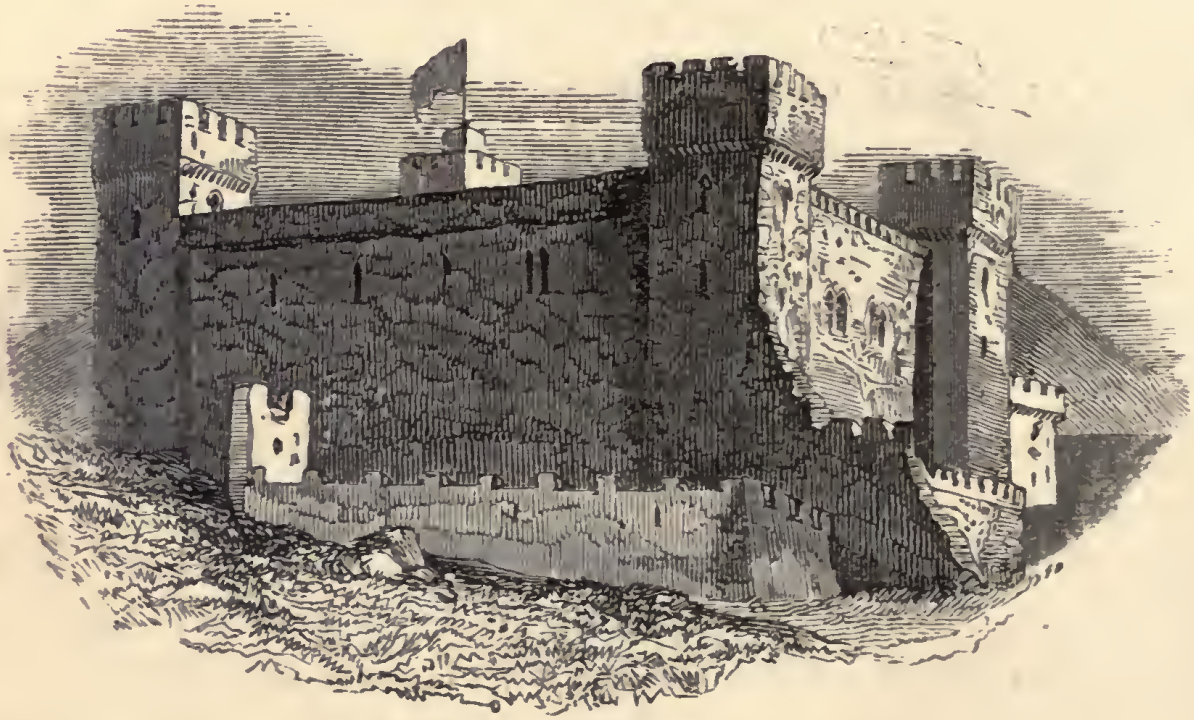


Fig. 2.

being bent or refracted in a greater degree than usual by the atmosphere.

Another phenomenon of the air is what are called mock suns. When I was in Cumberland last year I climbed to the top of Wansfell Pike, and I observed two suns instead of one, at about thirty degrees from each other, one a little fainter than its companion. This was, undoubtedly, a reflected image of the true sun upon the haze. Many of these phenomena are upon record. On the fifth of February, 1674, near Marienberg, in Prussia, the sky being everywhere serene, the sun, which was still some degrees above the horizon, was seen to shoot out very long reddish rays, forty or fifty degrees towards the zenith, notwithstanding it shone with great lustre; beneath it, towards the horizon, appeared a mock sun, of the same apparent size as the true sun, and of a somewhat red colour; after this, as the true sun descended, it seemed to absorb the mock sun, whose reddish colour vanished, and the whole put on the genu ine colour of the solar light, and then vanished. This appearance was followed by an intense frost of five weeks.

On the seventeenth of December, 1743, a surprising phenomenon was observed at Carthagena, in old Spain, about five in the evening, on the side of Mount Orlando, some leagues west of that city; its first appearance was like a vast stream of light, or a river of fire falling in a cascade; then it formed a sheet of flame, extending several leagues to the east, giving so bright a light as dazzled the eyes of the beholders. Afterwards appeared a great globe of fire beneath it, which, in the space of some minutes, broke into four lesser balls, which flew off towards the four cardinal points; this explosion was attended with a clap of thunder so loud, that it astonished the inhabitants for several leagues round. It was remarkable, during the whole time the sky was serene, and the stars shone very bright.

Similar phenomena also take place with regard to the moon; and lunar rainbows are very common. One was witnessed a few weeks ago in the vicinity of London, about eight in the evening, with a remarkable and very unusual display of colours. The moon had passed her full about twenty-four hours, and the evening had been raining, but the clouds were dispersed, and the moon then rose pretty clear. This *lunar iris* had all the colours of the *solar iris*, exceedingly beautiful and distinct, only faint in comparison with those which are seen in the day. Sometimes what are called concentric rainbows are seen; that is, one rainbow without the other. In Denbighshire I once observed one of these appearances: in the road through the Vale of Clwyd I was first struck with the peculiar appearance of a very white cloud, which lay remarkably close to the ground; I walked up to the cloud, and my shadow was projected on it, its upper part being surrounded by a circle of various colours, and very much resembling what in pictures is termed a glory. When I walked forward, the glory approached or retired, just as the inequality of the cloud shortened or lengthened my shadow. "Well," thought I, "this is Peter Parley in all his glory, indeed!" and just as I was about to feel proud, it—vanished. *Sic transit*——. You know the rest.

A Story of Venice.

VENICE, which once ruled the Mediterranean, eclipsed the imperial city of Rome, and into which once flowed the commerce and wealth of the East, is situated on seventy isles of the Adriatic, partly founded in rock and partly on piles sunk into the sea. A marine channel, or canal, is the highway of every street. Thus Venice rises from the waters like a sea-cybile, with her numerous domes and towers, attended by several smaller islands, as hand-maidens, each crowned with spires and pinnacles, presenting the appearance of a vast city floating on the bosom of the ocean.

Along the great canal a row of magnificent, but now decaying, palaces extend, with splendid marble porticos, and light arabesque balconies and casements, exhibiting an affecting combination of former glory and present debasement. The square of St. Mark is still the most magnificent public place in Italy, and the church of the same name rivals in splendour any edifice in that country, or in

Europe; its pomp, however, is gloomy and barbaric. Its fine domes and the crowded decorations of its porticos give it somewhat of an Eastern appearance; its mixed orders, Greek, Saracenic and Gothic,

are beautifully but barbarously blended, and glitter with incrustations of gold, gems and marbles; the interior is enriched with the spoils of Constantinople and the East; true monuments of long ages of glory.

But why has the glory of Venice departed like a dream, and all its triumphs become an empty name? Because the nobles, who once swayed the councils of Venice and commanded her fleets, had no longer any objects but those of pleasure, and wasted their time in public processions and the gay objects of the carnival.

Nothing, my young friends, can stand against ease and idleness; the sword kept bright will scarcely ever *wear* out, although if not cleaned it will soon *rust* out. Individuals, like nations, will most assuredly come to nothing, or less than nothing, if they prefer ease to assiduity, luxury to exertion, and listless satisfaction to a due regard for the future. The richest young heir who ever lived has been, by profligacy, reduced to beggary; for, always taking out of the *bin* and never putting *in*, is the prodigal's snare and the prodigal's sin.

There are other ways in which very clever and very well-intentioned persons are often ruined, namely, by suffering either their prejudices and passions to get the better of their reason and judgment, or their self-interest to blind them to the light of conscience. These are the *rocks* upon which human character may be said to split; *luxury* is the *soft sand* into which we may be said to sink, while the *tide of adversity* flows over us. As the general history of the state of Venice illustrates the latter of these remarks, so will the story I am now about to relate to you the former.

The state and republic of Venice was for many years governed by what was called a *doge*, or chief magistrate, who was elected by thirty members set apart from the grand council of the nobility; these were reduced to nine by ballot, and these nine elected forty others, who were reduced to twelve by ballot, who elected twenty-five, who were reduced to nine by ballot, who elected

forty-five, who were reduced to eleven by ballot, who elected forty-one, who elected the doge; so that, you see, the election partly depended upon chance, and partly upon party, or free-choice selection.

You may see, by this arrangement, that the nobility would not only be jealous of the doge himself but of each other; and they lost no opportunity of watching all his actions, so as to control his power and influence; and although on one occasion the reigning doge had been nearly massacred in his palace, the elective council did not grant him, or any of the succeeding doges, any more power. They, on the contrary, appointed, with extraordinary powers, a council of ten persons, called distinctively the *Council of Ten*, who were invested with an entire sovereignty over every power in the state; and they inquired, sentenced and punished according to what they called *the reason of state*. The public eye never penetrated into the mystery of their proceedings. The accused was sometimes not heard, never confronted with witnesses; the condemnation was secret as the trial, the punishment undivulged, like both. This fearful council went even further; and, as it grew stronger by its secret iniquity, it annulled at pleasure the decrees of the grand council, degraded its members, deposed, and even put to death, the chief magistrate, the doge himself.

One of the most extraordinary sights in Venice is a bridge, called the Bridge of Sighs. It is a covered bridge, or gallery, considerably elevated above the water, with a dark cell in the middle of it; it was into this that the prisoners were taken from the council chamber, and there strangled.

During the time of the celebrated Council of Ten there was an

old nobleman named Guiseppe, who had an only son and daughter, to whom he looked for comfort and support in his old age. He had for some years given up all public affairs, and lived on an estate at a short distance from the city, in comfort and retirement.

A plot, however, was in the course of formation, by some patriots of Venice, who groaned beneath the arbitrary conduct of the council, and who longed to deliver their country from its terrific sway. The principal conspirator was one Altamont, a nobleman of a bold and enterprising character, who was greatly beloved by his dependents, and bore a considerable sway in the city; he won over to his interest a great number of the officers of the troops, and, joining with several other disaffected noblemen, resolved to give to Venice a form of government more in agreement with the principles of justice.

The conspirators wished, however, to attach to their cause one whose integrity and virtue might be a guarantee to their future proceedings, and no one stood higher in the public estimation than old Guiseppe, who was beloved for his mildness and his love of justice, and it was thought of the highest consequence to win him over to the patriotic cause.

Inspired by this idea of staying the progress of tyranny, of great evil, and of giving freedom to his country, Guiseppe was at length induced to join the conspiracy, and to permit the conspirators to meet at his retired mansion. Hither repaired, at midnight, many of the principal men of Venice, who all bound themselves by oath to secresy, and to sacrifice kindred and friends, if necessary, for the popular cause.

It was determined, after much consultation and deliberation by the conspirators, that a chosen band should be formed of the most

devoted of the patriots, who should be divided into ten parties of about twenty men each; these were to meet simultaneously at the palaces of each of the members of the council of ten; to seize and dispatch them, then to meet at the Great Hall, and, in the name of Eternal Justice, proclaim a government founded on the principles of liberty and honour.

The night of the 14th of November, 1653, was fixed upon for this memorable enterprise. Altamont, and his companion-in-arms, Count Cornack, with a numerous body of the lower classes, armed in various ways, and Baptista Meuthun, with a strong muster of gondoliers, who had sworn to die for their country, were ready for the occasion.

As had been agreed upon by the conspirators, they separated into parties, and rushed with the greatest celerity to the various palaces of the ten members of the council of Venice; but in every case the palace was found occupied by troops, who opened a fire upon the conspirators as soon as they had entered the courts of the palaces. Finding themselves foiled in their plan of operation, the leaders rushed to the square of St. Mark, in the hope of raising a commotion, and obtaining the assistance of the Venetian people; but in this they were mistaken. At this spot a great body of troops were collected, who commenced an attack upon the patriots, and slew nearly all of them without mercy.

Among those who survived and were taken prisoners was Guiseppe, who was immediately dragged before the council of ten, who were sitting calmly in the palace, surrounded by their minions. There were but few questions put to the poor old man, and he was immediately given over to the hands of the executioner, to be subjected to the torture of the rack. The Bridge of Sighs was to

respond to the groans of the poor old man, who was condemned, after having been tortured, to be strangled.

In a few minutes the horrid engine was employed upon the victim, in all its slow rigour; officers were placed round him to obtain confession concerning those engaged in the conspiracy and to write down his answers, but nothing would the old man disclose; several times he fainted under his agony, till, at last, with joints wrenched apart, and sinews strained and veins bursting, he was thrown into the lowest dungeon of the prison.

And here the old man would have perished but for the devotion of his children, his daughter Marian and his son Giovanni. As soon as they had heard of the calamity of their father, they had fled from their home and secreted themselves in an obscure part of the city, in the house of an old sailor, named Carlo, and to him they gave the direction of all their future proceedings.

Carlo was a rough and blunt, but an honest fellow; with his roughness and bluntness, and his honesty, he was, also, very cunning—a thing not usual in such characters; but, in spite of his cleverness, when reflecting on the desperate state of the poor old Guiseppe, he struck his head with his hand and said, "This is beyond me!"

But still a beautiful girl and fine boy pleading hourly at his feet was enough to melt his heart, and to light up all its energies in their cause. What could he do to serve his former benefactor?—for such Guiseppe had been. How to serve him—to get him out of prison—that was the only way of doing it effectually; but how could this be done?

The prison was the strongest in Venice, and was accessible only by the Bridge of Sighs, which had no communication with the town,

but lay between two palaces; while the dungeon in which Guiseppe was confined was under water. Hitherto, the ingenuity of man had never been able to penetrate the dark chambers of these mysterious cells, except at the bidding of the ten tyrants, who made them a part of their system of terror.

But things often give way to a righteous determination, and it is astonishing to what great issues great and holy efforts will come when pursued with deliberate determination and devotion.

Carlo took his boat the same evening, at nightfal, and in it were Marian and Giovanni. He thought that he should want assistance, and that the only ones he could trust were the children of the prisoner; so he covered them over with some old bark, of which he was a carrier, and rowed straight along the canals till he came to the Bridge of Sighs. All was silent. At last, he saw lights flitting past the windows of the bridge, looking on the waters; the shadows of several persons passed by, and in one he felt sure he saw the figure of Guiseppe. Little Giovanni had at this moment peeped from behind the bark, and cried, child-like, "It is my father!"

"We are lost," whispered Carlo, "if you speak; there is hope if we are quiet. The dear old gentleman is now gone to be examined before the council. O, if we could penetrate there, or anywhere, to save him, how happy should we be; but wait, Providence may do for us what we may not be able to do for ourselves! Wait awhile in patience!"

So the boat's little crew waited in patience in the darkness. It was a dark November night, the clouds hung heavily, and the rain began to fall; in the distance thunder was heard, and a storm seemed to be rising; it increased, came nearer, and the lightning flashed

around them. Carlo drew his boat close under the Bridge of Sighs, and having made it secure to one of the abutments, waited in silence, so far as there could be silence in the rising tempest.

As to the poor prisoner, he had been summoned from his damp and wretched dungeon to appear again before the dread council. The president, in a calm and quiet voice, informed him that he was the only remaining conspirator yet to die, and that within a few moments he would be among the dead. "You have children," said the president, "confess and reveal to us the names of those who conspire against the state, and they shall be cared for; be obdurate, and they shall die."

"Better for them to die than that I should betray those whom I have sworn to serve! I love my children, but I love truth and virtue better! Besides, I know that no promise from this council would save the branches when the tree is down! What can you take, vain men? Eighty years of honour I have already had; you cannot take them from me; the poor residue, the mere dregs of life, you are welcome to take them!"

"He is an obdurate! mercy is not for him! to the——!" Here the president gave a significant signal, and Guiseppe was dragged away towards the Bridge of Sighs. His fate was sealed, and nothing but the fatal cord was necessary to separate him from all living things!

Carlo sat under the bridge in his boat, with all Venice trembling around him; the storm had increased fearfully, the thunder leaped from cloud to cloud, and the lightning ran along the Dogana and the church of St. Mark like serpents; the wind, too, every now and then blew in sudden gusts of such violence as to dislodge many of

the stones from the buildings about him, the falling noise of which added to the confusion of the time.

In the midst of a dreadful thunderclap, and in the glare of a flash of broad lightning, the fatal casement of the Bridge of Sighs opened, and, in a moment, a heavy body was thrust out, with a ponderous stone attached to it, and fell with a tremendous splash into the water. Carlo gave his boat a push, seized the body before it had time to descend into the deep and held to it with all his strength, and Marian held on to Carlo's jacket, and Giovanni held fast to Marian; but the boat heeled over so much as to be nearly upset. Carlo, with great difficulty, cut away the stone attached to the body, and then drew the latter with ease into the boat.

Another flash of lightning discovered to the little boat's crew the face of Guiseppe, all black with agony. Carlo immediately took out a flagon of brandy, and poured some of it down the throat of the old man; he then raised his head to a proper position, and, putting his oars out, rowed with the greatest rapidity towards his own dwelling. The storm had now abated, but all was dark, and this served the better to conceal his operations.

Guiseppe had been partly strangled, and, as was usual in this mode of execution, at Venice, his body had been immediately fastened to a large stone, to sink it, and thrown into the water. But being saved thus providentially from the latter part of the process, the executioner had hurriedly performed the former, in consequence, perhaps, of the storm raging so terrifically at the moment. The old nobleman began to revive.

The two poor children were overjoyed at this unexpected occurrence;—they kissed, and wept over their dear father. And what was

his astonishment to find himself in the arms of his children? words cannot describe it!

But all was not over; much danger was still to be apprehended. While in Venice, neither children nor father were safe; and, ill and suffering from the dislocation of his joints by the rack, the old man was nearly helpless, and life seemed to be ebbing from him daily.

But Marian was unceasing in her endeavours to restore her father. Poor Carlo had not wherewith to support so great an addition to his family; and the maiden cheerfully dressed herself in the common guise of a fish-girl, and laboured in the markets for any one who would employ her; while Giovanni, with his little lyre, went to the different places of amusement in the city, and, in the disguise of a little musician, charmed the rude ears of the sailors and gondoliers, and received a few coppers in reward.

So time passed away, and the old nobleman slowly recovered; and for a long time did these two children thus support their father and remain in privacy. Carlo worked as cheerfully as ever at his trade of bark pealing, and many a load he took under the very bridge which had been so full of adventure to him. Guiseppe often lamented that he could not obtain some entrance into his old mansion, now confiscated to the state, for there, concealed, he had a treasure that would enable them all to live in affluence, could they obtain it.

Having revealed the situation of the treasure, consisting of jewels to a considerable amount, with a large sum in gold coin, Carlo immediately became fired with the idea of obtaining it. "If you will only give me Giovanni as my companion," said he, "and fortune will favour me with her aid, I shall succeed.

The treasure was concealed in the wainscoting of the library, an

inner apartment in the castle, and that was now occupied by one Gaspardo, a tool of the council, who gave himself up to all kinds of revelry and vice, and passed his time in eating and drinking, singing and dancing.

On the occasion of the ceremony of the doge's wedding the sea, this man gave a grand entertainment to his friends, and a large portion of the grounds of the chateau was thrown open to the populace, who were provided with viands and wine in profusion. Among the visitors Carlo determined to present himself, and, if possible, to obtain admittance into the chateau and try to find the treasure for Guiseppe. But the task was a difficult one.

However, on the arrival of the day of festivity, Carlo dressed himself in his best, and, putting upon Giovanni the dress of a young gondolier, and dressing Marian in a profusion of finery, they all started forth to the castle. And a very merry festival it was;—numerous tables were spread in the gardens of the house and among the trees, and several hundred people were mustered together, with music, and banners, and flowers twined into festoons, which hung from tree to tree, in graceful profusion. Carlo was known to hundreds; and he danced and he sang, and Marian danced and sang; Giovanni, too, he danced and he sang, and with his little lyre charmed both young and old.

The night wore away, and the lights began to grow dim; Carlo began to think upon his enterprise; he looked around him and found that a large number of the domestics of the household were mingling with the company, and that all seemed to be making very free with the wine, which was by no means sparingly bestowed. He gave Giovanni a significant look, and, in a whisper, said, "Meet me in a

few minutes, and in the angle of the first court." Giovanni did so, and there, in a spot removed from observation, they consulted together.

"We must get into the house!" said Carlo. "See who is about the door! cannot we proceed without observation?—I will disguise

myself. There is one of the servants has pulled off his cloak, which lies on the grass while he is dancing. There is also his coat and hat. Bring them, Giovanni, bring them! they are the very things! Go and steal gently to the place, and pick up the articles!

Giovanni did as he was directed, and in a few seconds brought the clothes, which Carlo immediately put on, after divesting himself of his own; he then took up a golden-headed staff, which had been left by the functionary of the hall, and boldly entering it, walked up the grand staircase, and into the principal apartment.

Everybody had left it, and was absent in another room, looking upon the scene of the festivities, and crowding round a window to view a display of fire-works, for which Venice always was, and still is, very famous. Carlo looked round, and found Giovanni by his side. "This way!" said the youth, "this way!" and, darting down a side passage, they came to the door of the library—but it was locked.

"What can we do!" said Carlo, "the door is locked!" He tried it again, it was fast. Without further parley, the strong man placed his foot against the door and burst it open, and both entered. But the windows were closed and all was dark. Carlo fumbled his way to a window and opened it. At this moment the fireworks began to blaze, and revealed the interior of the apartment, so that he had no difficulty in finding the secret panel. He pressed the spring, but to no purpose; again he tried, but it refused to yield to his pressure; it was, no doubt, rusted from want of use. Not to be baffled, Carlo raised his hand and gave the panel such a blow that he split it in twain, and, taking out the pieces, soon found the hidden treasure.

Placing as much as he could conveniently carry in the bosom of

his shirt, he prepared to retrace his steps, but the fireworks had ceased, and the company were all coming back to the grand saloon, through which he must pass to get back; so he now found himself in great perplexity, which, however, was soon relieved, by Giovanni crying out, "the window! the window!"

Both rushed to the window, but the height was more than twenty feet—too great to be leaped with safety. At the same moment lights were seen in the passage, and an alarm was given that desperadoes were in the house. A great consternation appeared among the assembly. Carlo closed the door, but the lock being broken he could not secure it; he then went again to the window, determined to make the leap, but beneath it were numbers of people.

What was to be done? the alarm had been given, and there seemed every reason to suppose that Carlo would be discovered: but his good fortune left him not, nor his wit neither. He approached the window and cried out, "The house is on fire at the other end! run, friends, to extinguish it! quickly! quickly!" Immediately the crowd rushed toward the angle of the building; and Carlo leaped out, bidding Giovanni to follow him.

The sailor came safely to the ground; Giovanni made a leap, and was caught in the old man's arms, who, without further to do, ran out with him to the late scene of festivity. All the tables were deserted, and the whole company were flocking towards the house. Carlo walked very deliberately away, after throwing off his borrowed plumes, and, passing through the crowd, soon found himself on the road to Venice.

In a very short time he reached his little hut, and then poured into the cap of Marian the treasure he had secured, which amounted

to a very large sum; the gold served for present necessaries, and, in a few weeks, Carlo purchased an old barque, in which he transported his friends with safety to the town of Loretto. Here all were in safety, but, for prudential reasons, the whole party eventually came to England, the land of the fugitive and the wanderer, the brave and the free, where they enjoyed for many years all the comforts which England knows so well how to distribute to those who seek her shores in confidence and truth.

True Heroism;

OR,

PERSEVERANCE.

MY young friends have often read about heroes. You recollect something about Alexander, and Cæsar, and Bonaparte, and Tamerlane, and Scipio, and Hannibal, and Nelson, and Washington, and a host of others, who have become celebrated in their day, principally, I am sorry to say, for their skill in shedding human blood, and the power by which they subdued, enslaved, or oppressed mankind. There are other great heroes besides warriors, it is true; great legislators may be great heroes, and of these I might make a goodly array; there is Lycurgus and Solon, Cadmus, Alfred and many others. Then we have hero statesmen, from the earliest time down to the present, when statesmen are by no means

what they once were. Then we have hero philosophers, from Socrates to Newton, and from Newton to Faraday, who once did Peter Parley a very kind action. Such heroes the world talks a great deal about; they have their praises sung and said, written in books, carved in monuments, and occasionally sung about the streets.

But there are heroes besides military, moral, legislative or philosophical, and a man may be a hero, although not born to commit murder by wholesale. One of such heroes I am about to give an account of: he was a hero in humble life, and more worthy of your imitation than Alexander or Bonaparte.

William Hutton was born at Derby, in a small house on the banks of the Derwent; his history shows what may be done by steadiness, perseverance, activity, and love of knowledge, qualities equal, in Peter Parley's estimation, to stratagem in war, military tactics, or diplomatic cunning.

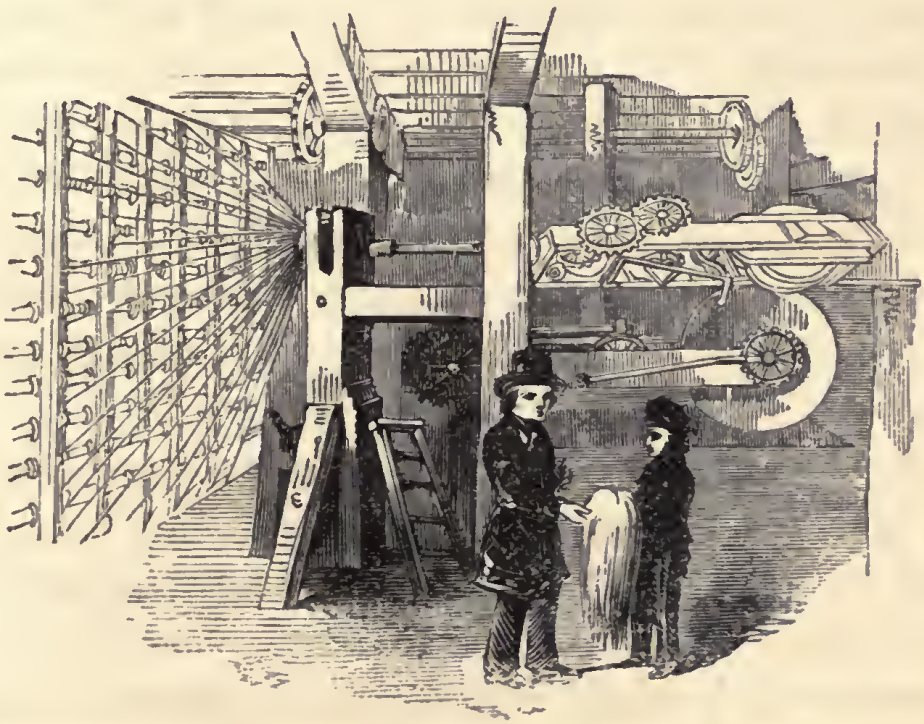
This poor boy was sent to school at five years old; when only six, his mother found him steady enough to have the charge of his little brothers and sisters, when his father was at work and she herself obliged to leave home; and on such an occasion occurred one of his first acts of heroism.

Although William was not the eldest, it was his business to divide the mess of milk porridge which served for their breakfast, to give to each one his share, and to carry out his father's portion before he touched his own.

It happened one morning that, in dividing the porridge, he forgot his father's share; he had seated himself with his little brothers and sisters at table, and, while they were eating their breakfast, he recollected with surprise that he had forgotten his father. Hutton, in

relating this story of himself, said, "I proposed that each of us should give up some portion of his own to make up one for my father; my eldest brother refused; I then took a little from the others, and all my own, to make amends, and this I carried to my father."

So we see that his mother was not wrong in trusting so young a child with this important business. This was a good point in William's early education, and of more importance to him than any that can be taught by the mathematical, phonic, or "master methods" of government schools, in which it is attempted to teach morality with a square and compass, and religion by machinery, to the injury of our free institutions.



When William was only seven years old he was obliged to give up school; for he was sent to work at a silk mill, though he was so small

that he could not reach his work, and they were obliged to fasten a pair of high pattens to his feet, in order to make him tall enough.

For some years he continued at his work, getting up at five o'clock every morning, and enduring many hardships, for he was beaten with a cane whenever his master was out of humour. Poor little fellow, some of the hardships he met with may be seen from this little story which he tells of himself in an account of his early life:—

"In the Christmas holidays, when I was eight years old, it happened, on the twenty-seventh of December, that there fell some snow, and afterwards there was a sharp frost, so that the streets were as slippery as glass; I did not wake in the morning after that night till daylight seemed to appear. I rose in tears, and, for fear of being punished because I was too late, I went to my father's bedside to ask the hour. He believed it was late, so I run out quite terrified, and, in running on the slippery ground, fell nine times in the course of two hundred yards. Observing, as I came near the mill, that there was no light in it, I perceived that I had been deceived by the reflection of the snow, which I mistook for the light of the sun; it struck two as I returned, and, as I now went with care, I only fell twice."

Two years after this he lost his mother, and now his hardships increased; his mother, in spite of their poverty, had contrived many little things for the comfort of her family, and now she was gone, his father, instead of increasing his exertions, went to the ale-house, became a confirmed drunkard, and entirely neglected his family.

"My mother dead," says William Hutton, "my father at the ale-house, and I among strangers, my life was forlorn; I was almost without a home, nearly without clothes, and had very scanty food!"

When William's time of service with his first master was expired and he was about fourteen, he went to Nottingham, to work with his uncle, who was a stocking-weaver. His uncle treated him

unkindly in general, and his aunt begrudged him his food; his uncle often charged him with faults he never committed, and, on one

occasion, although the poor lad fell on his bended knees to ask forgiveness for having committed no fault, he was obdurate, and treated him worse and worse.

There was one week in the year during which there was much merry-making at Nottingham, and on this occasion young Hutton, like other young people in the town, was rather idle. He worked very hard all the rest of the year, and it would have been just and kind in his uncle to give him a holiday. "But my uncle," says Hutton, "thought that I should never return to industry; he was angry at my neglect, and declared that if I did not perform my tasks that day he would thrash me at night. I had been idle, I am sorry to say," he continues, in his journal, "and one hour of my working task was still unfinished; I hoped that my former industry would atone for my present idleness, but my uncle had passed his word and did not wish to break it.

"'You have not done the task I ordered!' said he. I was silent. 'Was it in your power to have done it?' I was still silent. 'Could you have done it?' he repeated. As I ever detested lying, I could not think of sheltering myself from a rising storm by such means, for we both knew that I had often done twice as much; I therefore answered in a low, meek voice, 'I could!' 'Then,' said my uncle, 'I will make you!' He immediately brought a birch-broom-handle, and repeated his blows with it till I thought he would have broken it in pieces. The windows were open, the sky serene, and everything mild but myself and uncle! how unjust does passion make people! yet it is better to get a beating than to tell a lie!"

The next day Hutton's uncle seemed sorry for what had happened; he sent for William and invited him to share some fruit;

"but," said Hutton, "my wounds were too deep to be healed by cherries!"

Irritated at the cruel punishment inflicted on him, Hutton resolved to take a wrong and rash step, for which he afterwards suffered severely, but, as he seems to have had no one to tell him his duty, we need not wonder that he sometimes fell into faults. He determined to run away from his uncle's home.

He packed up his best clothes and some food in two bags, and, having put on an old cloak which had belonged to his father, he went to the inn-yard at which the coach started, and asked the

coachman, whom he had formerly seen at Derby, if he would give him a lift on the road, promising to pay him when he had the money. The coachman looked at him with surprise for some moments without saying a word, but at last he observed, "If you can't go through the world, young friend, without going on 'tick,' you had better hang yourself, and get out of the way!"

Hutton was sorely discomfited by this remark, but it was a wholesome lesson to him; he, therefore, went to a clothes-shop and sold his cloak (which made him look like a gentleman travelling *incog.*), and exhibited his plain corduroys. He then set out on foot with a cheerful heart, and, travelling all day, reached Derby, his native town, late in the evening.

"At Derby," says he, "I took a view of my father's house, where I supposed all were asleep, but, before I was aware, I perceived the door open, and I heard my father's footsteps not three yards from me; I retreated quickly, but I dared not enter.

"Adjoining the town of Derby is a field called Abbey Farms, where I used to play when a child; here I took up my abode for the night, upon the cold grass, in a damp place, with the sky only above my head, and my bags by my side."

At four o'clock next morning he arose, sore and stiff, and set out for Burton, where he arrived before twelve o'clock, having travelled twenty-eight miles. In the evening he reached Lichfield, placed his bags in a barn near that town, and went to look for some place where he could pass the night. On his return he found that some thieves had carried off his bags.

Terror seized him when he found that his clothes and food were gone. "I roared after the thief," said he, "but I might as well have

been silent; thieves do not come at a call. I was too much distressed to find relief in tears; I spent some time in running about the fields and roads, lamenting and calling; I told my tale, and described the bags to every one I met; I found pity, or seeming pity, from all, but help from none; my hearers dwindled away with the twilight, and, by eleven o'clock, I found myself alone in the open street.

"I had scarcely any money; I was a stranger; without food to eat, or a place to sleep in, so I sought rest in the street on a butcher's block."

The next day, unable to procure work, but still seeking it, he went to Birmingham, and here he was equally unfortunate about work, yet he met with an act of kindness from a stranger which was a great comfort in his forlorn condition.

He was sitting down to rest about seven in the evening in Philip-street, when two men, with aprons on, who had been observing him attentively, came up to him. One of them said, "You seem to be without friends; what are you doing?" Hutton told him he was looking out for work, and could find none. "If you choose to have a pint of ale, come and have it; I know what it is to be a distressed traveller!" So saying, they took him to a house close by, gave him some bread and cheese, and provided him a lodging for the night.

For some few days he went and helped one of these men, who fell ill, by taking his place for him at a fuller's, and assisted in taking the clothes from the washing vats to the scouring places; but when the man got well he could do no more, and, having met a countryman of his own, who advised him to return to his uncle, he made up his mind to do so.

He first went to Derby, to his father, who received him kindly, and sent to his uncle to try to reconcile him to his nephew. "But,"

says Hutton, "the sense of my misconduct damped my spirits, and sunk me in the eyes of others; I did not get over it for some time."

Soon after William Hutton's return to his uncle, an old man of the name of Webb, who had met with misfortune, and wished to end his days in peace, came to live with them. "He was," Hutton tells us, "one of the best of men, most sensible, and formed to instruct young people. It was my good fortune to attend on him and love him as a father. I tried to profit by him; and I listened, by the hour together, to him and his friends, all sensible men."

But William did not long enjoy his friend's company, for Webb died a year after.

Although engaged in hard labour, William was always fond of books, but his poverty and want of funds prevented his having many to read, and the few he obtained were old and imperfect. But now observe his industry and ingenuity. He watched a bookbinder, who used to work in his neighbourhood, and soon learned how to bind his shabby books and make them look neat. He bought such wretched old books as no one else would buy; he also got a broken press for two shillings, which had been laid aside as useless for firewood, but he contrived to put it to rights, and it served him as a binding-press afterwards for forty-two years.

In the September of this year his uncle died. For several years after this event he continued to struggle on in the greatest poverty, supporting himself partly by bookbinding, and partly by stocking-weaving.

At length he determined to make a journey to London, to buy the materials he wanted for bookbinding, which he knew he could get much cheaper than at Nottingham. With the help of his friends he collected a little money, and set off on Monday the eighth of April. He could spare no money for coach or other conveyances, and therefore he resolved to go on foot a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles; but he was not to be diverted from his purpose by pain or fatigue, and reached London in three days.

He now bought the materials he wanted for his trade, contrived, in spite of fatigue, to see some of the curious things which London contained, and then returned to Nottingham.

William Hutton's plan was to open a little shop in some market-

town near Nottingham. He took a little stall at Southwell accordingly, collected a few books, put up some shelves himself, and began business as a bookbinder. As his family lived at Nottingham, he had to set out at five in the morning, on market days, to be in time at his stall at Southwell, and this during the dark and wet days of winter, while he walked back a distance of fourteen miles in the evening.

By the following year he had saved enough to enable him to leave Southwell and open a shop in Birmingham, where, by his prudence and industry, he succeeded very well. But it was not till he had been a whole year at Birmingham that he ventured to treat himself with a new suit of clothes.

William Hutton had now conquered all his difficulties; his business improved every year, till at length he had saved money enough to buy a large stock of paper, and he added the trade of paper-selling to that of bookselling and binding; by these means and his own economy, he became one of the richest men in Birmingham, and, what is far more, one of the best.

After many years of creditable exertion, he became one of the aldermen of the town; but, although he was frugal, he was no miser, and when it behoved him to conduct himself as an alderman should, William Hutton was not the man to be niggardly.

His time was now spent in gaining knowledge, in teaching his family, making peace between his neighbours, and doing acts of kindness, and he was looked upon as one of the best informed, as well as the most upright, men in Birmingham.

He died at the age of ninety-two, and was so strong and active to the last, that he took a walk of ten miles on his ninetieth birthday.

Catching Turtles.

CATCHING turtles is not quite so good as eating them; but it is very good sport, I can tell you. I dare say some of my young friends may have seen the landing of a cargo of strange-looking animals, which, turned upon their backs, appear the most helpless of creatures; these creatures, to use the language of the epicure, are fine, lively turtles. The term lively is understood to mean that they have suffered little from a long voyage, that they are in good health, and that the "green fat," the delight of aldermen, is in the most perfect state of excellence.

The turtle and tortoise belong to the same group of reptiles; in fact, the turtle is a tortoise which inhabits the water, and is only found occasionally on land. The two varieties represented in the picture are, the green turtle, seen in the foreground, and the loggerhead turtle, seen running towards the sea in the distance. The former is the species used for food; it is found in great numbers on the coasts of all the islands and continents of the torrid zone; the shoals that

surround these coasts are covered with marine plants, and in these water-pastures, which are near enough to the surface to be readily seen by the eye in calm weather, a prodigious number of animals, mostly amphibious, feed, and amongst them multitudes of turtles.

The plate represents the manner in which turtles are caught. Instinct for depositing their eggs in the sand leads the female turtles ashore in the night-time, and, in spite of the darkness which is chosen by the animal for concealment in laying their eggs, they cannot escape the cunning of man. The fishers wait for them on the shores at the beginning of the night, especially when it is moonlight, and, either as they come from the sea, or as they return after laying their eggs, they either dispatch them with the blows of a club, or turn them quietly over on their backs. When very large, it requires two or three men to turn them over, and they often have to employ handspikes, or levers, for that purpose.

A small number of fishers may turn over forty or fifty turtles, full of eggs, in less than three hours. During the day they cut them up, and salt their flesh and eggs. The green turtle is likewise caught at sea in calm weather; for this purpose two men go together in a small boat, which is rowed by one of them, while the other is provided with a harpoon, which is thrust into the fish as soon as he appears; by the line attached to the harpoon he is then hauled into the boat.

Turtles come to London from the West Indies and the Bahamas, and, about the ninth of November, are very much in request in the city. They are not eaten in steaks and slices here, as they are in the countries from which they are brought, but are always made into soup, and this soup is always the favourite dish at the Lord Mayor's feasts.

THE BRICK ROW BOOK SHOP
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